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SOME DOMESTIC QUESTIONS.

THE Brown banquet at Liverpool, the approaching Exhibition at Manchester, and her Majesty's happy addition to her family, are events which give our public discussions, just now, a peculiarly domestic tone. For our own parts, we are always glad when this is the case, believing that an English politician should be somewhat like Wordsworth's skylark,—

"Type of the wise, who soar but never roam,
True to the kindred points of heaven and home."

It is pleasant likewise to know, while our public attention takes this kind of turn, that in various respects the country is flourishing. Just at present agricultural labourers are somewhat better paid than they have been of late, for instance. The spring, though variable, improves generally; we hear of no war brewing; and in the speeches delivered on public occasions, passion is being supplanted by common sense. While Lord Palmerston is arranging his summer plans, and the farmers sowing their seed, we must be excused if we employ ourselves this week exclusively on matters of domestic interest.

We read the speeches at the Liverpool dinner to Mr. Brown with more than ordinary satisfaction. It is indeed a characteristic of our time that nobody can do a bit of good without being exposed to an amount of applause and a public homage, such as never attended the greatest feats in history. But this kind of thing is inevitable in an age of publicity; and we must only do our best to prevent our growing crops of goodness from being spoiled by too much nourishing rain. Mr. Brown, we feel sure, never did his share of the good of the age with an eye to the age's applause; and, after all, it would be ungracious of him to decline public thankfulness. He has done a great thing for the cause of English education; and we must not underrate such services because the goodness is of a kind not very obvious to the common eye in its outward results. A genius awakened—a strong mind fed—a sick heart cheered—a home enlivened—a lively fancy turned from dangerous to fruitful sources of amusement;—such are the results of a public library, though they steal through the body politic unseen, like currents of blood.

In our day, perhaps, the best and most original work is performed spontaneously, and not with the help of the State. The Burnses, the Cobbetts, the Franklins, the Watts, owe most to what they themselves get at, without the external influence of any authority. But then a public library lies open to such geniuses like a public pasture. It has the boundless variety which suits their independent freedom; and can be indulged in without that risk of disturbing antagonism which almost inevitably belongs to the relation between such men and any authoritative teacher. Curiously enough, too, it is the utterly self-taught, free-seek-

ing student who often ends by being the most obedient to authority of the two—we mean in a wise and discriminating way. Bolingbroke was educated by Puritans first and old public schools afterwards, and Voltaire by the Jesuits; whereas Burns, Cobbett, Hugh Miller, and Sir Humphry Davy, all turned out, in various ways, men with a marked leaning towards what was best in old things. They had never had to fight with a bad representative of old teachings. This view might reconcile bishops to free libraries; and, indeed, bishops now see that their battle for institutions must be fought on the modern grounds—

Brown of Liverpool has founded a modern church; and his bust in the library will (in its humbler way) be as symbolic as those noble old effigies of the founders which lie in mail and helmet with cross legs, in our ancient British abbeys.

Indeed, it is most satisfactory to find the modern commercial interest doing its best to meet the age's wants as the old feudal interest used to do. What is wanted of every "interest" is to be *real*; if it rises by modern advantages, let it meet modern wants, and so forth; if it plumes itself on ancient claims, let it imitate ancient virtues.

It is refreshing to find merchants, not aiming at those spurious aristocratic successes which make our public life mean and our private life ridiculous, but trying to benefit the century in such ways as the century really loves and understands. Our readers will remember that we long ago explained the phenomena which constitute the attraction of the Manchester Exhibition. We are glad to see that the success we hoped for the plan is in a fair way of being realised. Manchester owed the age this reparation. Long and long, it allowed itself to be taken for a place bent only on those mechanical triumphs and economic principles which are only half of life at the best, and which avowedly are not the most beautiful half. To match a terrestrial globe, you must have a celestial one; and to complete the triumph of the useful, you must recognise the beautiful too. To do justice to the nature of man, you must honour history as well as glory in your own age. And when Manchester asks England to come and look at the cavaliers of Vandyke and the courtiers of Holbein, it pays a debt which it owes, and receives honour as well as confers it. Let England only work more harmoniously—act in one—act with a due regard both to her old ideas and her modern triumphs, and she may save her own peculiar character and institutions, and defy the hostility of all other nations. We do not overrate the moral influences of art and amusement, when we say that they are more necessary now than ever, and that the cultivation of them has a distinct effect in promoting sympathy and kindness, and quickening that sensibility to all good and all beauty which is the best fruit of intellectual culture.

The great domestic event of the day—the addition to the family of her Majesty—has excited our old British domesticity of sentiment in the usual manner. We are a large-familied people, as compared with other nations; and even when such royal events have lost the grace of novelty, we are bound to welcome them with our customary good-natured loyalty. This new Princess may be the mother of another Frederick the Great, which was the last great productive feat of a woman of the House of Hanover. Any way, if she inherits the character of the illustrious lady from whom she springs, the British people will not have reason to dread any



THE 'RUGGED' PATH.—(FROM A PAINTING BY DUKES, IN THE PORTLAND GALLERY.)

that if they are to keep their hold on the age, they must adapt themselves to the age's ways. He who fights against the modern modes of education and depreciates their peculiar merits, does not keep them back,—he only gives them a direction hostile to himself. You cannot prevent poor Jack Gibbs from reading Tom Paine; so you must e'en do your best and give him a chance of reading Jeremy Taylor. The Temple of Knowledge ought not to be open on Sundays only, like modern churches, but at all days and hours when a casual wanderer may take a fancy for performing his orisons. In a certain sense, Mr.

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royal baby-show which (as the world progresses) may yet be established by a princely Barnum. As regards the expensiveness of the Royal Family to the nation, no man will think it at all undue in amount who compares it with the old revenues of the Crown, and even with the ordinary revenue of powerful modern families. Besides, her Majesty's family may claim the merit of having acted liberally to the nation in their arrangements about their income—a course of proceeding to which the extravagance of George IV. forms the only exception. We trust that her Majesty's health may enable her to open the coming Parliament in person.

Till that time these domestic subjects alone will command any general attention. The general order on the subject of Staff officers' education has, however, provoked a good deal of discussion; and our readers will find some remarks of ours on it in another place.

THE RUGGED PATH.

(FROM THE PORTLAND GALLERY.)

THE "Rugged Path" is a picture that is sure to please; for where and when can the spectacle of brotherly love and kindness, and of strength protecting the feebleness of youth, and of beauty looking on, be unpleasing? Mr. Dukes has done his spitting very gently in this noticeable work. The family party (we are sure they must be a family party) are, spite of their rusticity, as graceful and good-looking, and seemingly as fond of one another, as the most attached Materfamilias could desire. The figure of the chubby little fellow secure on the aerial elevation of the paternal shoulders, and toying with his sister's tresses, is capital, full of life and spirit and playful fancy. The pretty sister herself is all rosy, healthy, comely, rustic beauty; the path is charmingly rugged and broken up, and fretted into picturesque unevenness. Altogether, cheerfulness and brightness pervade Mr. Dukes' canvas. The "Rugged Path" is a picture to hang up in the gay little drawing-room of a cottage *ornde*, where poverty has not as yet entered at the door, nor love down out of the window; a drawing-room where Paterfamilias and Materfamilias are as fond of each other as they were on the day they were married, and where they sit surrounded by the smiling faces of happy children.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

THE Grand Duke Constantine arrived at Toulon on Monday afternoon, and was received with the usual honours by Admiral Trehouart and the naval authorities. There were no speeches. His Imperial Highness dined with the Maritime Prefect. M. Mocquard, Private Secretary to the Emperor, has addressed a letter to the journals, characterising the assertion that Prince Napoleon had refused to proceed to Toulon to receive the Grand Duke Constantine as "a pure invention." The "Nord" contradicts the assertion that the Grand Duke is to proceed to England after his visit to Paris.

SPAIN.

A CARLIST conspiracy has been discovered. The head-quarters of the plot were at Madrid; but it is said to have had ramifications at Burgos, Oviedo, Valladolid, Leon, Avila, Bribeas, Logrono, and throughout the Basque provinces, and that Easter Sunday was fixed for its breaking out. At the head of the conspiracy was the son of a well-known Carlist chief, as well as some obscure priests. In the Asturias, some bands had appeared, and arms and ammunition had been seized. At Tortosa some attempts at disorder had been made, and the troops had been kept under arms for three days. Of the persons arrested at Madrid, on suspicion of being concerned in the conspiracy, several had been set at liberty.

The difficulty with Mexico is reported to have taken a favourable turn, and to be in a fair way of settlement.

AUSTRIA.

THE visit of the Emperor and Empress to Hungary, which was to have taken place on the 5th of May, is, it is said, postponed to the second fortnight in that month. The guards who had received orders to go to Pesth on the 28th of this month are not to leave until the 15th of May.

The agricultural exhibition, which will open at Vienna on the 9th of May, promises to be very brilliant; it will last to the 27th. More than 200 manufacturers, comprising the most eminent of England, France, and Belgium, will take part in the exhibition of agricultural instruments.

PRUSSIA AND SWITZERLAND.

THE Neuchâtel conference, after a long interregnum, met on Monday for the eighth time. It is understood that certain propositions, drawn up by the four Powers, were submitted for consideration, with this result:—Dr. Kern and M. de Hatzfeldt said they must refer to their respective Governments. It does not appear that any concession has been made by either party; the Swiss Government especially seems more than ever resolved to maintain its position.

RUSSIA.

A DEFEAT of the Russians by the Circassians is reported. A telegraph despatch says, "The Circassians, attacked by the Russians in the last days of March, repulsed the strong columns which had penetrated into the mountains of Tsnb. The Russians lost 700 men; the Circassians 300. Mehemet Bey is giving to Circassia military organisation. The tribes of Daghestan have captured Fort Sahah and massacred the garrison. The garrisons of the neighbouring villages surrendered." The Russian also claim a decisive victory in Schamy's country. All these stories must be received with caution.

Important works have been commenced in the port of Kaifa (Theodosia); it appears to be the intention of the Russian Government to transform this town, which enjoys great natural advantages, into a maritime and commercial port of the first class.

The administration of Poland is likely to be separated entirely from that of Russia. The Grand Duke Michael, directly after his marriage, will be appointed Stadtholder of the kingdom.

ITALY.

THE Piedmontese Government, it is said, are about to propose a reform in the organisation of the National Guard, which will place it on a footing similar to that occupied by the Prussian Landwehr and Landsturm; and it is added that this step will not fail to please the Radical party, as well as conduce to the defence of the State.

Advices from Naples revive the report that the King, weary of the existing condition of things, has made overtures of reconciliation, and that he has now under consideration certain propositions, which, if agreed to, will enable the Western Powers to resume communications with him. In the meantime, the reports of the condition of the country are as unhappy as ever. A system of espionage has demoralised the army. The officers are set to watch the men, and the men their officers. "Instead of being a school of soldiers, it resembles rather a school of little boys, 'telling tales' of one another to the master; who confesses them, whips, imprisons, or exiles them, as the 'young gentlemen' seem to require." The police, underpaid, increases its stipends by threatening persons that, unless a certain sum be paid, they shall be denounced and ruined.

The Austrians are preparing for the worst. A letter from Piacenza of the 11th, says:—"Sixty pieces of cannon have arrived. I do not know whether they are to remain here or proceed to Bologna, as some say. What is positive, however, is that Marshal Count Guisly (the Austrian Commander) has sent orders to put the fortifications which have just been completed outside the Antonio gate (towards the Piedmontese frontier) in a state of defence. Two regiments of cavalry are expected here."

M. Lazzaroni, member of the Consulta, at Rome, has been assassinated in a corridor of the palace. He was proceeding to pay the clerks of the establishment, and had with him a pocket-book containing 1,200 scudi. He was stabbed in the stomach, and the assassin escaped with the money.

TURKEY AND THE EAST.

INTELLIGENCE from Smyrna, of the 9th, states that Admiral Lyons, together with his squadron, had been received there with much ceremony by the Turkish authorities, the French naval division, and the English residents. Admiral Bouet-Willaumez, at a fête which he gave to the British Admiral on board the *Pomone*, gave a toast: "To the union of the French and English flags." Admiral Lyons replied in a long speech, in which he dwelt upon the advantages of the Anglo-French alliance. As soon as the fleet reached Smyrna, the Turkish Government issued a circular to announce that the Dardanelles are again closed to ships of war of all nations, not provided with a special firman for going through.

At the close of the investigation into the affair of the *Kangaroo*, the Sultan pronounced Mehemet Bey, chief of the expedition, with Ferhad and Ismail, guilty, and sentenced all three to banishment.

Two battalions of chasseurs in garrison at Trieste have been ordered to embark to protect the Austrian frontiers on the side of Montenegro. Troops have been placed in posts on that frontier which had been for a long time abandoned.

AMERICA.

THE Chinese affair is occupying a considerable degree of attention in America. On learning that Lord Elgin was to be sent to China, the American Government is said to have resolved to send a plenipotentiary too. Further, the New York Chamber of Commerce appointed a committee to request President Buchanan to strengthen the American fleet in the Chinese Seas, for the protection of American interests and property, and to appoint a minister of high character. The New York Chamber has also appointed a committee to inquire into the best means of putting a stop to the abuse of the present system of shipping seamen, which is filling American vessels with mutinous crews, and rendering property in ships insecure.

The Senate of New York State has passed resolutions, by 22 to 6, condemning the decision of the Supreme Court of the Union in the case of *Dred Scott*.

An extraordinary duel has occurred at Winston (Maryland). The parties were fastened down to an oak plank, and fought with bowie-knives. "They fought," says the "Baltimore Republican," "until Drain was mortally wounded." Young Pendleton was cut nearly in pieces, and now lies in a critical position. Part of Pendleton's knife is still in Drain's head. There is no hope of his recovery. The doctors think they will both die.

A heavy gale on Lake Michigan, on the 1st inst., did a great deal of damage among the shipping. A despatch from Chicago states that six vessels were wrecked along the shore in that vicinity, and fifteen lives were reported lost.

Very contradictory reports have been received relative to the fortunes of General Walker. The probability seems to be that, cut off from communication with his resources, Walker will be speedily reduced to surrender.

SIR JOHN BOWRING ON THE CHINESE BARBARITIES.

THE "Liverpool Courier" contains the following letter from Sir John Bowring. It is dated Hong Kong, Feb. 24:—

"My dear Sir,—I doubt not that it will be a gratification to my many friends to hear from the best authority that we are all recovered from the effects of the poison, of which several hundred persons partook on the 15th of January. About 10 lbs. of a senic had been mixed with a batch of bread issued from the largest Chinese bakery in the colony, and the excess of the quantity led to immediate alarm, application of emetics, and speedy ejection of 'the poisonous stuff.' It left its effects for some days in racking headaches, pains in the limbs and bowels, &c. In my family, my wife, daughters, three guests, my private secretary, and myself, besides several servants, ate of the poisoned bread. Lady Bowring's has been a bad case, as it is thought some of the arsenic had got into the lungs; but danger is over now. This mode of warfare is hard to deal with, and will, I am sure, excite a general sympathy and indignation. Large premiums have been offered by the Mandarins to any who shall set fire to our houses, kidnap or murder us; and many unfortunate wretches of all nations (as the hatred of the Chinese is indiscriminate) have been seized, decapitated, and their heads have been exposed on the walls of Canton, their assassins having been largely rewarded; they have even torn up the bodies of Christian men from their graves, in order to decapitate them and expose their mutilated skulls to the public gaze. All this is sufficiently horrible; but I doubt not the results will be most beneficial, for certainly we shall exact indemnities for the past and obtain securities for the future. We shall not cringe before assassination and incendiarism, you may be assured. I did all that depended upon me to promote conciliation and establish peace. This was obviously my duty; but every effort I made was treated with scorn and repulsion. The forbearance with which the Chinese have been treated has been wholly misunderstood by them, and attributed to our apprehensions of their great power and awe of the majesty of the 'Son of Heaven.' So they have disregarded the most solemn engagements of treaties, and looked upon us as 'barbarians,' who, in a moment of success, imposed conditions from which they were to escape when occasion offered, and when they could (in their judgment) safely do so. I doubt not that Government, Parliament, and public opinion will go with us in this great struggle, and pray that my life may have been preserved for the real and enduring benefit of my country and mankind."

OUTRAGE ON A BRITISH VESSEL.

THE Pacific Steam Navigation Company's ship *New Granada*, Captain Strachan, was boarded at Haanchao, on the 14th of March, by the crews of two screw-war steamers belonging to the Revolutionary party in Peru. The officer in charge demanded a portion of the cargo, said to be the property of General Castilla, the President of the Republic. Captain Strachan refused to surrender it with his consent. On this, the crews of four armed launches were ordered on board, and about sixty men, with pistols and cutlasses ostentatiously displayed, sprang on the deck, and orders were given them to cut down any on board who should attempt to go forward. The whole affair was like a melodrama at a minor theatre. The men were of all colours—blacks, a ulatos, and some few English sailors, who, however, looked cowed and ashamed at their position, as forming a portion of a dirty, villainous set of ruffians as could be brought together; most of them having a drawn cutlass in one hand and a pistol in the other, apparently eager for some pretext for seizing and robbing the vessel. The man to command now stormed out his orders in a voice of thunder. The vessel was taken possession of, six men being placed at the wheel, and as many more at the windows. A party provided with implements for the purpose was ordered forward to take the goods; they soon broke open the hatchways and abstracted a large quantity, which they carried off, besides breaking open other packages, which they partially robbed. The money was in the treasure room, the iron doors of which offered more resistance. Large chisels and hammers were soon produced, the door wrenched off its hinges, and specie to the amount of 32,000 dollars abstracted. This, with the goods previously taken, was then put into the launches which were alongside, and carried away.

On arriving at Paita, Captain Strachan lodged a protest with the British Consul. It is supposed that this will lead to the capture of the Revolutionary flotilla by the British men-of-war on the station.

PLOT TO ASSASSINATE NAPOLEON III.—Several arrests have recently been made in France, of persons said to be implicated in a plot against the Emperor's person. A correspondent gives the following as the true history of the matter:—"Secret societies never wholly cease to exist in France, but the present is one that was formed about fourteen months ago, and the object was to make an attempt on the Emperor's person. It was, in point of fact, a Gunpowder Plot. A person, whose name it is not necessary to mention, a silk weaver by trade, and a fanatic in politics, conceived the notion of blowing up the Emperor while he was sitting in his box at the Théâtre Français. The modern Catechy proceeded to London, to communicate his plan to persons from whom he expected to receive encouragement and assistance. After a conference with them he returned to France, and soon after again repaired to London to arrange the final operations. In the meantime one of his London friends, believing he had reason to suspect that the French Catechy was in reality a secret agent of the authorities sent to entrap him, gave information to the English police. When 'Catechy' heard of this fact he became furious, and, anticipating the denunciation, returned hastily to Paris, revealed the plot to the French authorities, and denounced his accomplices. He, with about thirty persons, was at once taken into custody. It seems that a plan of the part of the theatre where the Emperor is wont to sit, as well as of the external parts contiguous, was made. Barrels of powder were to be deposited immediately under the box, a train laid on, which was to be carried outside, and the mine was to be sprung while the attention of the Emperor and the audience was absorbed by the representation."

A TAX ON MARRIAGE.—The Swiss are great patriots, great rifleshots, great chessmen, but they are not great financiers, if we except the prudent obstinacy with which they decline to pay the little claim of two millions advanced by Prussia. The Canton of Solothurn has recently established a tax on marriages. Young men who marry before the age of 20, will be subject to a tax of 20 francs; from 20 to 30 to 10 francs; and past 30 to 5 francs, provided the party marries a native of the canton; to 10 francs if a native of any other part of Switzerland, and 30 francs if a foreigner.

IRELAND.

CONFUSION AT THE FEAST.—On the evening of Wednesday week the newly-elected members for Dublin City, County, and University were sitting at a triumphal banquet, in Jude's Hotel, when the flooring gave way, and the company, dinner service, side-board, &c., were thrown into confusion. No one was hurt, but before they had thoroughly recovered their equanimity "Extraordinary Editions" were out, informing the public that six members were killed, and that a new election would be necessary.

ANOTHER ELECTION RIOT.—A serious riot took place at Ballymena (Antrim), on the declaration of the poll. The 8th Hussars had to be ordered out, and with some companies of the 51st and 4th Regiments, made several ineffectual attempts to clear the streets, which were densely packed by a mob almost entirely composed of Orangemen. The magistrates, seeing the threatening state of affairs, read the Riot Act. The mob not only refused to disperse, but continued to fling any missile which came in their way against the Hussars, who were at length ordered to charge. They instantly swept through the masses, many of the people receiving cuts and contusions of a serious kind. Charge after charge was made before the rioters were dispersed and order was restored. In the mêlée one poor fellow had his nose completely cut off, two or three of the Hussars were unhorsed, and a great many people were ridden down. When the rioters found they could no longer withstand these operations, they went in groups to different parts of the town, smashing windows, &c., &c.

MORTALITY AMONG LIVE STOCK IN IRELAND.—A *Conduight* journal communicates this depressing intelligence:—"From two causes stock farmers in this part of the country are becoming very apprehensive about the success of the branch of farming which is the particular object of their care. These are the extreme severity of the weather and the scarcity of provender, which, combined, are likely to produce the most disastrous effects on the numbers and value of stock. It is not enough to say that the prices of hay and straw are high beyond example, but they are almost unprocurable. The consequence is, that those who have not been provident of their supplies, or are dependent on the markets, are in a sad way. Their cattle are starving. There is yet scarcely anything on the ground to pick, and even that little is not always obtainable, from the severity of the weather, which obliges them to be still housed. They have little or nothing inside, and even that is rapidly running out without any hope of its being replaced. Cattle, particularly weak stock, are dying in every direction. If the weather does not soon mend, and there are yet few symptoms of an improvement, very bad effects may be certainly apprehended."

THE TYPETARY BANK.—From the Dublin trade-reports, it appears that the case of the Typetary Bank is every day becoming more hopeless, and that a strong opinion is entertained that if matters go on as they are proceeding at present, the first dividend of 2s. will be a final one.

MURDEROUS OUTRAGE.—A ticket-of-leave man, named Carter, recently solicited a night's lodging from Mr. Fennell, of Rosemore, Queen's County; it was kindly granted to him. Breakfast was given to him in the morning, after which (having seen Mr. Fennell go out about his farm) he seized a spade, and threatened to knock the brains out of the servant girl and a boy if they did not tell him where Mr. Fennell's money was. The girl screamed; but the boy took down a gun and presented it at the robber. On this he decamped, but unfortunately he met Mr. Fennell, and renewed his demand for money. It was not granted; and he gave the unfortunate man a blow on the side of the head with the spade, and then made off. Bambick, the boy aforesaid, pursued him, and after a chase of two miles, succeeded in securing him. Mr. Fennell's life is despaired of. Carter says he does not care whether he is hanged or not.

RIOT AT PARSONSTOWN.—For some months past the markets of Parsonstown have been well attended by purchasers for all descriptions of agricultural produce, who bought for exportation. On Saturday a new purchaser appeared, Mr. Joshua Atkinson, of Roscrea, who succeeded in obtaining between 80 and 100 barrels of potatoes, and a large quantity of barley. There was an advance in prices, which was attributed to Mr. Atkinson's appearance as a competitor, and this caused much disquiet in the minds of the lower classes. Consequently, about seven o'clock in the evening, when Mr. Atkinson was about to remove the potatoes and barley, the cars were stopped, the drivers maltreated, the sacks containing the potatoes cut open, and the potatoes strewn about the streets. The police were assaulted with stones, and during the mêlée the women, who were most active, converted their inner garments into bags, and succeeded in carrying away the contents of between thirty and forty sacks of potatoes. The work of mischief continued until the arrival of a reinforcement of armed policemen from the barracks, who succeeded in dispersing the rioters, and capturing five of the principal offenders.

SCOTLAND.

THE FALKIRK ELECTION.—A protest having been lodged by Mr. Baird's agent against Mr. Merry's election on account of alleged bribery, the electors of Hamilton have got up a counter-petition, praying for an investigation, on the ground that they were subjected to intimidation, &c., by the commissioner of the Duke of Hamilton, in favour of Mr. Baird. A very large number of signatures has been appended.

EMIGRATION FROM THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.—The Spring fleet has just sailed for Canada from the north-east coast of Scotland, carrying out 1,500 passengers. They are chiefly agricultural labourers, and for the most part young and newly-married people. Large sums of money continue to be received from settlers in Upper Canada who had previously gone out, chiefly from Aberdeenshire, and there is every prospect that before many years few agricultural labourers will be left at home. Wages have risen, but when we state that the highest rates do not exceed £30 a year, emigration on a considerable scale will not be thought surprising.

THE PROVINCES.

A GOVERNMENT DEFAULTER.—A writ of extent has been lodged with the High Sheriff of Oxfordshire, against Mr. Alexander Smith, collector of Inland Revenue at Oxford, who now lies in the Debtors' Prison at the county jail. It is customary for persons filling the situation which Mr. Smith occupied, to keep in hand some £600 or £700 belonging to the Crown. Cash to about this amount he is found to be deficient of. Mr. Smith has been thirty-four years in the service of the Crown, and in a short time would have been entitled to a pension of about £200 per annum. His present salary is £400 per annum. It is understood that Smith has insured his life for an amount larger than that he has appropriated.

DEATH FROM STARVATION.—An inquest was held last week on the body of Mrs. Plank, the wife of Daniel Plank, a shoemaker, of the Marsh, Marlborough. Plank is now in Devoes Prison for debt; he was taken the day prior to the death of his wife. The following day she was found in a sinking state. A surgeon was sent for, but it was too late. The jury returned a verdict of "Died from the want of common necessities, owing to the dissipated habits of her husband."

WELSH-SPEAKING BISHOPS.—Letters from Lord John Russell and the Earl of Derby, relative to the appointment in Wales of bishops who know the Welsh tongue, have been published by the Rev. W. Morgan Middleton. Both statesmen are in favour of the Welsh bishops understanding the language of the Principality; but Lord John Russell does not see the necessity for all Welsh bishops being natives of Wales.

BRUTAL TREATMENT OF A CHILD AT MANCHESTER.—Robert Matthew, a railway labourer, was brought before the magistrates at Manchester, on Friday week, charged with throwing his own child, a girl about three years old, in the fire. It was stated that he and his wife were on a visit at the house of his wife's sister, on the 4th instant; and it was whilst in her house, in the neighbourhood of Roobdale Road, that he put the child behind the fire. Its back was shockingly burnt, and it is doubtful if it will survive. He was drunk at the time. The magistrates committed him for trial.

ESCAPE OF PRISONERS.—Two men, belonging to the London swell mob, who had been taken into custody at Colchester on a charge of stealing, recently escaped from the Borough Jail. They climbed up the wall of the yard, where they were taking exercise, got on the roof of a house, slid part of the way down the wall, and dropped a distance of twelve feet into a churchyard. The police were at once set on their track, and one of the men was found disabled and stunned in the churchyard, and was taken back to jail. The other had got clear off, and it is supposed has come to London, where, as he is well known to the police, he will probably soon be captured.

A SAD CASE.—A young man named Rendell, who formerly held a very respectable position in society as a miller, near Castle Cary, was recently charged at Taunton with setting fire to his own premises. His father and mother had come to Taunton to hear their son's fate, and had taken apartments at the Wagon and Horses Inn. Whilst in town, the old gentleman was suddenly seized with illness. On Saturday he was unable to go to the hall, and a messenger was sent to the hall to inform Mrs. Rendell that her husband was dead. The son was transported for fourteen years; and the two sad events have completely prostrated the poor woman. The deceased was a retired half-pay officer in the navy.

SINGULAR CASE OF POISONING.—Mr. James Thompson, of Halifax, had been in a low desponding state for two years, and had refused to take any medicine save what was given him by the medical attendant of the family. About three weeks since some ammonia was purchased by his mother, who intended to mix it with water and use it to bathe her temples. Mr. Thompson took up the bottle, and expressing a belief that that was just the medicine that would cure him, he was about to drink off a wine-glass full of the poison, when a servant came into the room and took it from him. The ammonia was afterwards locked up in the cellar, but on Saturday morning the servant inadvertently left the key in the cellar-door; which Mr. Thompson perceiving, and knowing the drug to be kept in the cellar, he procured the bottle, and took from it a large draught. He expired in a quarter of an hour afterwards.

The Persians now, we say, are not to be compared with the old classic Persians. But, still, they have something about them that attracts the attention of finer minds, and perhaps justifies the appellation that has been given them of "the French of the East." The showy side of their life has been celebrated by Moore, and the humorous side by Morier. After the lapse of nearly a thousand years, there is still something in the sketch of the persons before us which will remind the reader that they belong to the people who figure so conspicuously in the "Arabian Nights."



AFFGHANS FROM HERAT.

PERSIAN ARTILLERYMAN.

PERSIAN COSTUMES.

PERSIAN PEASANTS.

DERVISH.

MOOLLA.



THE LAST FOX, OF THE SEASON.

SPORTING SKETCHES.

THE LAST FOX.

To the true sportsman there is something melancholy in the last meet of the hounds for the season; he then feels that the exhilarating exercise so dear to his heart and so conducive to his health must be abandoned for many months; the companions of the hunt—the jovial spirits whose *bon vivant* propensities, and whose generous hearts made them choice companions and sincere friends—must be parted with; the view-halloo, that familiar sound, so exciting to the sportsman's energies, will cease to sound in his ears; the "varmint" may steal through covert or open field at his ease, carrying his coveted brush behind him; the song of the pack is silent; they are in at the death of the season as well as of the last fox, and a gloom hangs over all; the old huntsman shakes his capped head, and looks dull; the whippers-in have bound the long lashes of their whips round the handles; Reynard, a fine dog, lies dead at their feet; a sonorous cheer is given—half a shout, half a groan—at the parting, and adieus and hand-shaking are exchanged over the last fox of the season.

AN OLD FOXHUNTER—SIR TATTON SYKES.

At the close of the hunting season, our readers will not think it amiss if we present them with a portrait of one of the truest and most enthusiastic sportsmen of whom England can boast, in the person of Sir Tatton Sykes, a zealous supporter of the turf, and among the oldest masters of fox-hounds in the kingdom.

The country which, until a few seasons back, has been hunted by Sir Tatton, was formerly in the hands of Lord Carlisle, Mr. Osbaldeston, Lord Middleton, and Faversham, Mr. Degby Legard, and then by Sir Mark Sykes, who hunted it jointly with his brother Sir Tatton, for a period of fifteen years. Since Sir Mark's decease, in the year 1815, it has been regularly hunted by Sir Tatton, excepting for two seasons, we believe, 1832, 1833, when Lord Middleton hunted it. The pack was kept at Sir Tatton's sole expense, and with Carter (a pupil of the renowned Maynell) for his huntsmen, he showed a succession of sport rarely equalled, hunting at one time four days a week, but subsequently three, and when in his seventy-seventh year, no man living approaching that age, and few many years his juniors, could cross the Wolds of Yorkshire in as forward a place as could Sir Tatton.

Sir Tatton Sykes formerly resided at Westow, near Whitfield, where he occupied a large farm, and had his paddocks for breeding racing stock. He then removed to the family mansion at Sled-



PORTRAIT OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN: SIR TATTON SYKES.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. EASTHAM OF SCARBOROUGH.)

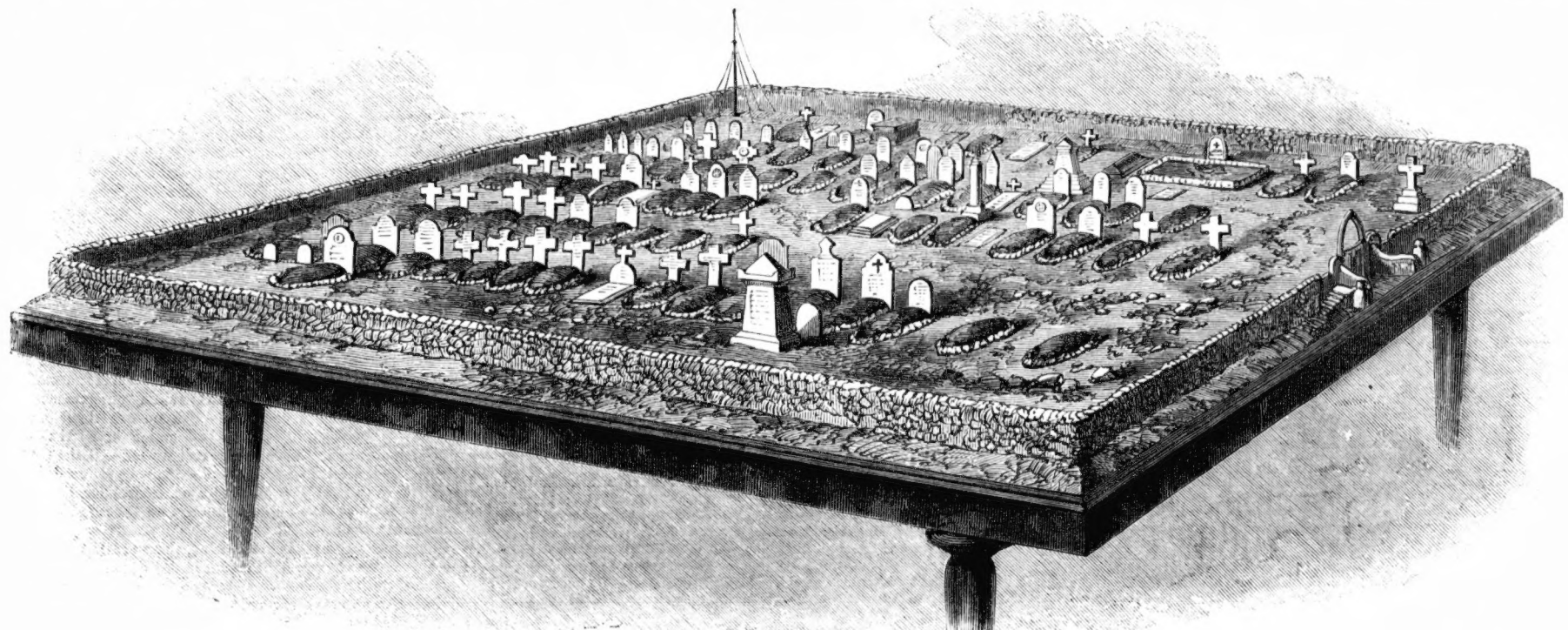
mere, near Malton, where he now resides. The kennel is where it always was, at Eddlesthorpe, near Weston, fifteen miles from Sledmere; this was thought little of by Sir Tatton, who on one of his thorough-bred hacks, was frequently seen there on hunting mornings before the hounds left the kennel.

No man living has had a stronger passion for race-riding than has Sir Tatton Sykes, and for a period of between 30 and 40 years he never refused when asked by a friend to ride for him. Few gentlemen possessed in so eminent a degree the five great perfections of race-riding, viz., a firm seat, strong nerve, great coolness, knowledge of pace, and presence of mind. His strength of constitution, and hardihood of frame, has enabled him to undergo fatigue, and perform feats, that few men could have encountered. When requested to ride a race, whether the meeting was twenty miles off, or two hundred, Sir Tatton set distance at defiance. His mode of travelling was characteristic of the man. With a clean shirt in his pocket, his racing-jacket under his waistcoat, and a pair of overalls covering his breeches, he jumped on one of his thorough-bred hacks, and showed what blood, game, and high condition will achieve on the part of man or horse.

On one occasion, Sir Tatton thus travelled as far as Aberdeen to ride a horse for the late Duke of Gordon, then Marquis of Huntly, and immediately after the race set off back for Doncaster, 361 miles, where he arrived in time to see Ebor win the St. Leger, a race Sir Tatton has never failed seeing since the year 1791, excepting once, when illness prevented him from witnessing the dead heat between Euclid and Charles the Twelfth. Sir Tatton on another occasion made an Aberdeen journey to ride a horse. Yet with all these long journeys, performed on horseback, there is no kinder a master to a horse than is Sir Tatton.

Among the many anecdotes that might be brought forward to show his presence of mind and quickness of thought, we may mention that, on one occasion, when riding at Doncaster, his horse bolted, and fell over the rails, and burst the girths at the same time. Sir Tatton got him back into the course, borrowed a great-coat to conceal his jacket, and, bare-backed, came nearly unperceived up to the other horse, who was quietly walking in, and was within a fair chance of winning the race.

Sir Tatton, like most men whose pursuits and pleasures were confined to the country, has found London to possess but few charms for him. It is among those he esteems and regards that



MODEL OF THE CEMETERY ON CATHCART'S HILL.—(FROM THE UNITED SERVICE MUSEUM.)

The Graves are those of the following Officers:—

<p>FIRST ROW.</p> <p>Capt. Rooke, 47th Regt.</p> <p>Monuments to Officers and Men of 30th Regt.</p> <p>SECOND ROW.</p> <p>Asst. Surg. O'Leary, 68th Regt.</p> <p>Lt. H. Smith, 68th Regt.</p> <p>Maj. Wynne, 68th Regt.</p> <p>Lt. Davies, 30th Regt.</p> <p>Lt. Dowling, 20th Regt.</p> <p>Bt. Maj. Davis, 95th Regt.</p>	<p>Capt. Croker, 17th Regt.</p> <p>Capt. Fraser, 95th Regt.</p> <p>Captain Anderson, 31st Regt.</p> <p>Capt. Atree, 31st Regt.</p> <p>Capt. F. Stevenson, 30th Regt.</p> <p>Lt. Col. Patullo, do.</p> <p>Ens. Deane, do.</p> <p>Capt. Stevenson, do.</p> <p>THIRD ROW.</p> <p>Capt. Fraser, 63d Regt.</p> <p>Capt. Muller, 1st Royals.</p>	<p>Lt. Dennis, The Buffs.</p> <p>Maj. Chapman, 20th Regt.</p> <p>Lt. Parr, do.</p> <p>Ensign Clutterbuck, 63d Regt.</p> <p>Capt. Vaughan, do.</p> <p>Lt. Barker, 68th Regt.</p> <p>Dr. Simpson, 17th Regt.</p> <p>Lt. Seagram, 17th Regt.</p> <p>FOURTH ROW.</p> <p>Capt. Fraser, 63d Regt.</p> <p>Capt. Muller, 1st Royals.</p>	<p>Bt. Major Harrison, 63d Regt.</p> <p>Lt. Bellew, 1st Royals.</p> <p>Lt. Col. Swyny, 63d Regt.</p> <p>Rev. G. Strickland.</p> <p>Capt. Cartwright, R.R.</p> <p>Lt. Godfrey, R.R.</p> <p>Capt. Edwards, 68th Regt.</p> <p>Capt. Maunsell, 39th Regt.</p> <p>Col. Ewan, 41st Regt.</p> <p>Capt. Every, do.</p> <p>Capt. Lockhart, do.</p> <p>Capt. Johnston, do.</p> <p>Lt. Harriott, do.</p> <p>Surg. Anderson, do.</p>	<p>— Buckley.</p> <p>Colonel Seymour, Scotch Fusilier Guards.</p> <p>Maj. Drummond, do.</p> <p>Capt. Lye, 30th Regt.</p> <p>Lt. Godfrey, R.R.</p> <p>Capt. Rochfort, 49th Regt.</p> <p>Lt. Mitchell, do.</p> <p>FIFTH ROW.</p> <p>Lt. Col. Shearman, 62d Regt.</p> <p>Maj. Dickson, do.</p> <p>Capt. Forster, do.</p> <p>Lt. White, do.</p>	<p>Lt. Col. Tyler, 62nd Regt.</p> <p>Capt. Cox, do.</p> <p>Lt. Blackiston, do.</p> <p>Lt. Curteis, 63d Regt.</p> <p>Lt. Stone, 65th Regt.</p> <p>Lt. Hart, 21st Regt.</p> <p>SIXTH ROW.</p> <p>W. Copping, Irish Constabulary.</p> <p>Mr. Garwen, 57th Regt.</p> <p>Capt. Auchmuty, do.</p> <p>Capt. Hague, do.</p> <p>Lt. Mitchell, do.</p> <p>Capt. Bland, do.</p> <p>Capt. Stanley, do.</p>	<p>Lt. Col. Shadforth, 57th Regt.</p> <p>Lt. Tryon, R.R.</p> <p>SEVENTH ROW.</p> <p>Lt. Ashwin, 57th Regt.</p> <p>Capt. Norman, do.</p> <p>Lt. Col. Cuddy, 55th Regt.</p> <p>Maj. Rose, do.</p> <p>Capt. Shaw, do.</p> <p>Lt. Birch, do.</p> <p>Asst. Surg. Morris, do.</p> <p>Artillery Monument.</p> <p>Lt. Greathed, R.N.</p> <p>SEVENTH ROW.</p> <p>Capt. O'Toole, 46th Regt.</p> <p>Lt. Curtis, do.</p>	<p>Major Townsend, Royal Artillery.</p> <p>Capt. Sir R. Newman, Grenadier Guards.</p> <p>Lt. Kerr, 30th Regt.</p> <p>Lt. Fitzroy, R.A.</p> <p>Capt. Rowley, Grenadier Guards.</p> <p>Lt. Col. Hood, do.</p> <p>Lieutenant Messenger, 46th Regt.</p> <p>Lt. Col. Pakenham and Capt. Hon. Neville, Grenadier Guards.</p>	<p>Lt. Col. Dawson, Coldstream Guards.</p> <p>Lt. Col. Cowth, do.</p> <p>Lt. Col. Mackinnon, do.</p> <p>Capt. Bouverie, do.</p> <p>Capt. Elliot, do.</p> <p>Capt. Disbrow, do.</p> <p>Capt. Ramsden, do.</p> <p>Lt. Greville, do.</p> <p>Capt. Jolliffe, do.</p> <p>Lt. Colonel Blair, Scots Fusilier Guards.</p> <p>Colonel Cox, Grenadier Guards.</p>
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he finds opportunities to show his real worth; and never was esteem and regard reciprocated with more warmth than it is by those who, in different ways, have the advantage of being known to Sir Tatton Sykes. With a fine fortune, he expends little for the purpose of mere show—nothing for that of ostentation. His plain style of dress is a type of the man, and the unassuming way in which he moves through the world is an essential part of his nature. Yet with all this quietness of dress and manner, no one can approach Sir Tatton without feeling convinced that it is a gentleman whom he is accosting, and indeed his countenance and urbanity invariably induce a desire for a more intimate acquaintance.

CATHCART'S HILL.

MR. CURTIS has contributed an interesting model of the Cemetery on Cathcart's Hill to the well-known United Service Museum. It is a present which combines a private interest with a public one—for Mr. Curtis has a son buried in the spot of which he has furnished this interesting record.

Cathcart's Hill, as everybody knows, derived its name from the gallant Cathcart—soldier and scholar—who met his death there—the scion of a line of heroes, who died like a hero. It was a "rectangular mound" (to borrow Mr. Russell's expression), in front of the Fourth Division camp, and commanded a view of nearly the whole position of the attack. Here stood the flag of the division, a red and white burgee, near which look-out men were stationed; and here—that is to say, close by—stood the marquee of the General and the tents of his Staff. The name was first bestowed on the place from the fact that Cathcart used it as his look-out station, and will long be remembered in connection with his lamentable death. Windham was close beside him when he fell.

There are buried in this interesting spot, besides Cathcart, General Strangways, Brigadier Goldie, Col. Swynie, and Col. Seymour; and the many gentlemen less known, but worthy of high honour, whose graves the reader sees before him. In order to assist the reader, however, in comprehending our engraving, we desire to impress the following directions upon him:—Let him commence at the foreground tomb in the left-hand corner, and proceed along each row from left to right. This rule will enable him to identify any monument without difficulty.

THE POST-OFFICE REPORT FOR 1856.

THE Postmaster General's third annual report, for the year 1856, has just been printed. The following are some of the most interesting passages:—

The number of post offices in the United Kingdom was increased last year by 368, making the whole present number 10,866.

The revision of the postal districts, including an additional force of letter carriers, has now been nearly completed; and it appears by accounts kept since the commencement of the revision (1851), that at an annual expense of about £42,000, provision has been made for a free delivery of more than 300,000 letters per week (not to speak of newspapers and books), which formerly could be obtained only by application at the office window.

Pillar letter boxes having been found very acceptable to the public, their number has been considerably increased.

Public co-operation in adding district initials to the letters has been readily accorded. Already about 55,000 letters daily, or one-third of those posted within the London districts, are so addressed; as are also a large number of letters from the country, though not in so great a proportion.

An improvement in the direct enclosures of the metropolis is strongly advocated; much inconvenience and delay are said to arise from the endless repetition of names which the map of London now presents.

During the last year fifty-two additional towns were provided with day mails to or from the metropolis of one or other of the three parts of the kingdom, and some of the towns with mails in both directions. These mails have also given more frequent postal communication between many provincial towns.

The privilege of the book post has been extended so as to include printed letters equally with other printed matter.

Four hundred and seventy-eight millions of letters were delivered in the United Kingdom in 1856. As compared with the previous year, this number shows an increase of 22,000,000; and as compared with the year previous to the introduction of the penny postage (1839), an increase (omitting blanks) of 402,000,000, or more than six-fold.

The increase in the correspondence with India, consequent on the reduction of postage from 1s. to 6d., made in the beginning of the year, is already equal to more than one-third of the whole; the increase being from about 800,000 letters to nearly 1,100,000. There has been a further increase of more than 260,000 letters in the correspondence between the United Kingdom and France; and of about 125,000 letters in the correspondence with the United States.

The number of newspapers which passed through the Post Office is estimated at 71,000,000.

The number of letters returned to the writers last year, owing to failure in attempts to deliver them, was the same as in the previous year, viz., about 2,400,000, or about 1 in 200 of the whole number posted. About 550,000 newspapers also were undelivered; being about 1 in 129 of the whole number.

Returned letters are now sent back to the writers much more quickly than formerly; every such letter (except those from abroad) being opened, re-directed, and re-posted on the day of its arrival at the Returned Letter Office.

A REVENUE CUTTER RUN DOWN IN THE THAMES—LOSS OF SEVEN LIVES.—About three o'clock on Thursday morning her Majesty's revenue cutter Curlew was run down by the Antwerp Steam Navigation Company's steamer Baron Oas, Captain Peirce, from Antwerp, with the loss of all her hands except one. The Curlew was a fine smart cutter, of thirty-six tons, and was stationed on the Sheerness district. She was in charge of Mr. William Shepherd, an experienced officer in the service, and in the course of Wednesday had been out cruising. Late in the evening of that day she brought up in company with the Fly, another cutter, near the Mouse Light, and rather out of the course of vessels passing through the fairway of the Channel. The usual watch was left on deck, and the cutter lay at her anchor in apparent safety until between two and three o'clock, when, according to the statement of the only survivor of her crew, a man named Hawkins, without the least warning the steamer bore down on the Curlew and struck her with considerable force on the quarter. The cutter was thrown on her beam ends, and the steamer passed right over her, and she went down in several fathoms. Hawkins was saved by clinging to the mast head. An investigation into the affair is being made by the authorities.

THE READING ROOMS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—The present reading-rooms of the British Museum will not be used for the purpose of study after the 30th inst. During the first week in May, when the Museum will be closed as usual, the library of reference will be removed from its present locality to the new reading-room; and in order to avoid unnecessary interruption while this operation is being carried on, no stranger will be admitted to the libraries for any purpose whatever. On the 8th of May, the new reading room will be thrown open to the public generally, who will be allowed to visit it freely until the 16th, after which day it will be devoted exclusively to the use of the readers. As the entrance to the new reading room is through the front hall, it will be necessary that readers should bring their tickets of admission with them until they have become known to the doorkeepers.

THE ROYAL BRITISH BANK—DIVIDEND.—The affairs of the Royal British Bank again came before the Court of Bankruptcy on Friday, when proof of debts were received, and a dividend declared. Applications were made on behalf of two gentlemen who sought to prove against the bank for certain sums they had deposited. Unfortunately, they had been induced to take new shares just before the bank stopped. It was urged that they had been misled by fraudulent statements, and had therefore a right to appear as creditors. One of the parties also claimed to have £500 returned to him, as it had been thus fraudulently obtained for some worthless shares. The cases were both adjourned, that evidence might be heard. Mr. Linklater gave interesting information on the position of the bank estate. The proofs have amounted to £525,000; a second dividend of 2s. 6d. is now declared, making 8s.; there will be a third dividend soon of 2s. or 2s. 6d.; there is a hope that £40,000 may be obtained for the coal mines in Wales; altogether, dividends amounting to 10s. or 11s. will be certainly paid, and possibly the total will be 12s. Beyond this, the shareholders offer 6s. 6d. in the pound, and an act of Parliament is to be applied for to carry out the arrangement. The dividend of 2s. 6d. was ordered to be paid. Mr. Deputy Dakin, one of the directors, was examined on Wednesday. He said he first joined the board in February, 1856, and only remained in the direction a very short time—till the 7th of March. He was induced to join by Mr. Alderman Kennedy, and paid £1,000 to qualify as a director. He saw Mr. Stapleton at the board, but that gentleman did not tell him of the debts due from Mr. Humphrey Brown, Mr. Cameron, or Mr. Oliver; nor did he recollect being told of an expected loss by the mines in Wales, or that he entertained any doubt as to the stability of the bank. He (Mr. Dakin) left the direction because something arose which created large demands upon his time.

THE FALL OF HOUSES IN COVENT GARDEN.—Another of the men injured by the fall of a wall in Russell Place, Covent Garden, has since died. An inquest has been held on the deceased, when the following verdict was returned:—"That the deceased persons came to their respective deaths by the falling of a wall, some portions of which not externally visible were in an unsound state, yet the jurors are of opinion, that through an error of judgment sufficient precaution was not taken to secure the same."

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 39.

QUALIFICATION.

THE property qualification of a Member of Parliament was settled by an Act of Parliament, 1 & 2 Vict., c. 48. By this act every knight of the shire must have £600 a year, in real or personal property, or both; and a citizen or burgess must have half the amount, or £300 a year. Before the act was passed, it was necessary that the property should be in land. There are exceptions, however, to this requirement, viz., Members for the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Trinity College, Dublin, and eldest sons of peers and heirs-apparent of peers, and of persons qualified to be knights of the shire, need no property qualification. There is also no property qualification in Scotland. This is the law; but it is well known that in every Parliament it is evaded, and that in many cases the property qualification is not *bona fide*; but, on the contrary, many Members do get into the House, and keep there, who notoriously have no such amount of property of their own as £600 or £300 a year. How, then, do they manage to evade the law? Well! it is done somewhat in this fashion:—A. is elected Member of Parliament; but having no money, or not sufficient of his own, he applies to his friend B., and he (B.) makes over by deed to A. the required amount. But is it really given? Certainly not; for, at the same time, A. also signs a deed, binding himself, under sufficient penalties, never to require the payment of the money given by B.; and this deed of gift is presented on A.'s entrance into the House to take his seat, as his qualification; and as on the face of it it is a genuine instrument, it is suffered to pass, though of course it is well known that it is in reality a fiction. Then, in fact, there is no property qualification? Well, it does really amount to that; but then the Act of Parliament is not entirely inoperative; for if it does no more it does this: to wit, it makes it absolutely necessary, if a Member has no qualification of his own, that he shall be in *such a position in society* as to be able to get some wealthy friend to give him one. Still, it is a strange state of things; and as the law is thus constantly evaded, and as no mischief has ensued from there being no property qualification in Scotland, in all probability "the coming Reform Bill" will sweep the property qualification for English and Irish Members entirely away.

DISQUALIFICATIONS.

No Aliens can sit in the British Parliament. The act of 12 & 13 William III., settles this question; for it declares that "no person born out of the kingdom of England, Scotland, or Ireland, or the dominions thereunto belonging (although he be naturalised or made a denizen), except such as are born of English parents, shall be capable of being a Privy Counsellor or a member of either House of Parliament." And by a subsequent act—Geo. I., stat. 2, c. 4—it is required that in every act of naturalisation there shall be inserted a clause to the effect that the person naturalised shall not be qualified to sit in Parliament.

Minors cannot sit in Parliament. This was not always the case. Before the 7 & 8 William III., c. 25, it was very common for minors to sit and vote.

Mental Imbecility (after legal proof, of course) is a disqualification; and if a member be sane at the time of his election, and afterwards become insane, his seat may be declared vacant. *Clergymen of the Church of England, Ministers of the Church of Scotland, and Roman Catholic Clergymen*, are disqualified; and if any such should sit or vote, they are liable to the penalty of £500 for each day that they so offend to any one that may sue for it.

Government Contractors are disqualified; and offenders under this head are very severely dealt with, for in the Act 22 Geo. III., c. 45, it is declared that "any person who shall, directly or indirectly, himself or by any one in trust for him, undertake any contract with a Government department, shall be incapable of being elected, or of sitting or voting, during the time he shall hold such contract, or any share thereof, or any benefit or emolument arising from the same." And the penalties for the infringement are £500 a day; and the Act also imposes £500 penalty on any person who shall admit a Member of the House of Commons to a share of a Government contract. Fortunately the Act does not affect incorporated trading companies, contracting as such, or half the House would be disqualified; and, with respect to Government loans, in every Act of Parliament for effecting a loan a clause of indemnity is introduced. If it be asked whether these laws to prevent Government contractors sitting in the House are in operation, the answer is that they are. Indeed they cannot be otherwise; for it is not required that the Crown legal advisers should set them in motion, but any one may sue for the penalties, and it is in the highest degree dangerous for any one to attempt to infringe the law. In 1854, Sir Morton Peto became a contractor for the railway in the Crimea, but he immediately vacated his seat for Norwich; and in 1855, when Mr. B. Price, the M.P. for Gloucester, had ignorantly sat in the House after having become a party to a contract, it was felt to be necessary to pass an Act of Indemnity, although the Hon. Member had renounced the contract when he discovered that the holding of it was incompatible with his being a Member of Parliament.

Bankruptcy is a disqualification. But the law on this subject is rather curious. On a Member becoming a bankrupt, he is required to absent himself from the House for a year, unless before the expiration of that period the bankruptcy shall be superseded, or the creditors paid to the full amount of their debts. At the end of the twelve months, if the bankruptcy be still in force, the Commissioner is required to certify the same to the Speaker, and the election of the Member is void. But there are no penalties for sitting and voting during the year, and no provision made for bringing the bankruptcy formally before the House. It seems, therefore, as if a bankrupt may sit and vote with impunity for the twelve months, unless he should be petitioned against.

Judges are disqualified, with the exception of the Master of the Rolls, and *English and Scotch Peers*; but Irish peers, unless elected as representative peers of Ireland, may sit for any place in Great Britain. There are also many other disqualifications, which it is not necessary to enumerate.

PRIVILEGE! PRIVILEGE!

We will not now go into any detail of the "privileges" of the House, for two reasons. In the first place, we should require the space of a volume; and, in the second place, nobody seems to know what these privileges are. All we shall do, therefore, is just to touch upon that most interesting privilege—"Freedom from arrest." About this there can be no doubt—that while a gentleman is a Member of Parliament, he cannot be arrested for debt; for whilst Parliament is sitting he cannot be touched, nor can he be for forty days after a prorogation, nor for forty days before the day appointed for next meeting; and as Parliament is now never prorogued for so long a period as eighty days, he is entirely safe. Some people have wondered what those repeated prorogations during the vacation mean; and why her Majesty does not prorogue from the time that the House breaks up until the time when they are ready to meet again—say from August 1st to January 30th. Well, perhaps a cause is discoverable here: from August 1st to January 30th would comprise more than eighty days!

It is now settled that the Government will propose Mr. Evelyn Denison, the Member for Malton; and whosoever the Government shall propose, there can be no doubt will be elected. And, by all accounts, Mr. Denison is "a marvellous proper man" for the office. He is tall, and of commanding appearance, to begin with; and this is no mean item in the qualification of a Speaker. A little man in that enormous wig would look ridiculous. It would remind us of the wisened-faced clerk, who put on one of old Samuel Wesley's left-off cauliflower wigs, and convulsed the congregation by giving out the psalm—

"Like owl within an ivy bush,
That fearsome thing am I."

Again, Mr. Denison, though in his fifty-seventh year, is strong and hearty; and, though he was not bred to the law, he is an accomplished man, has had long practice in the House, having been a member more than thirty years; and, as now there is "a Speaker's counsel," he will doubtless be quite competent to perform the duties of his office. And, lastly, his seat is safe. He has been Member for Malton, in Yorkshire, ever since 1841, and may sit for this snug little borough as long as Earl Fitzwilliam pleases; for there this great family is omnipotent, having managed matters so well as to do without a contest for more than fifty years. And as to temper, which is made so much of as a qualification, that has to be tried.

INTERESTING TO EVERY CONSTITUENCY IN THE KINGDOM.

Shortly after the meeting of Parliament, the Proprietors of the "Illustrated Times" will publish an extra Number of that newspaper, containing Biographical Notices of the whole of the Members of the

NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.

accompanied by their avowed opinions on all the great political questions of the day, and a statement of the chief votes given by such as were Members of late and former Parliaments. This

PARLIAMENTARY NUMBER OF THE "ILLUSTRATED TIMES" will be rendered still more interesting by the accompaniment of between

ONE AND TWO HUNDRED PORTRAITS OF MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Drawn and Engraved in nearly every instance from Photographs taken by MAYALL, of Regent Street, for this special purpose. Among these Portraits will be comprised all the Members of the present Government having seats in the House of Commons, the leaders and other prominent members of the political parties; and, in fact, every individual of note returned to the House of Commons, including a considerable number of representatives who have been elected for the first time.

This extra Number of the "Illustrated Times" will be Published at a very low price. The purchase of it will not be compulsory on regular subscribers to the paper, but the extra number will not be sold separately from the Number issued on the same day.

POSTAL DISTRICT MAP OF LONDON.

(Size 2 Feet 3 Inches by 3 Feet.)

The above map still be procured of the Agents for the "Illustrated Times," at No. 100 of the Strand, for the price of 5s. 6d.; or the Map and Paper will be sent, Post free, to the subscriber on the receipt of Seven Stamps.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1857.

ARMY EDUCATION.

IT was easy to foresee that, as the interest in the war declined, reforms suggested by the war would pass out of people's heads. Accordingly, when the general order about Staff appointments appeared, the world was delighted—as much at the novelty of the thing as anything else.

And yet, after all, this general order is a very little instance of justice. What does it mean? That nobody shall get on the Staff without a moderate degree of acquaintance with the necessary subjects. The first thing that occurs to one is the curious sort of confession it amounts to, of the absurdity of our previous way of managing these matters. It is tantamount to admitting that the Staff has been previously open to persons ludicrously ignorant of what they ought to know—not ignorant of higher subjects only, but of the very commonest ones. For what can that officer be, whose "hand" hitherto has not been "distinct and legible"?—who has been unable to "compose English correctly"? Certain general we could none may have just been suited by such appropriate sides-de-camp, but it is a melancholy reflection that there should have been such in the British army.

Well, the naïveté with which such accomplishments have been at last insisted on amuses; but, after all, the fact itself gratifies. For the future we shall be sure that no amount of patronage will ever give a Staff appointment to an utterly illiterate dandy. So far so good. It is observable, however, that the qualifications required from aides-de-camp are still very moderate, and that it is hard to discover from the wording of the order, to what degree some of the attainments required are expected to be possessed by these gentlemen. For instance, we are told that "a knowledge of field fortification" is to be held necessary; but we can fancy this provision being very leniently interpreted by the examining authorities. Utter ignorance may be kept out—which of course is important—but shallow information may still get in.

It has been justly observed that we ought to know how far the principle of competition (if at all) is to be admitted into Staff appointments. If, as at present, favour is to be the sole ground of appointment, all we shall have gained by this order will be a modest check on the exercise of favour. In fact, the world will suspect that the order itself is more a thing of show than of substance—a sop intended to reconcile the public to the existing régime of favour itself.

One reason why we approved of the appointment of the Duke of Cumberland was the same for which Sir William D. A. (in his controversy with Junius) praised the commander-in-chiefship of the Duke of Cumberland in the last century. We thought a man of the Duke's royal less likely to be the tool of those rich people, who are now called patricians, than a mere peer, or a soldier, who, having owed his position to "aristocratic" influence, dared not resist aristocratic jobs. We still think so—and hope much good from the influence of his Royal Highness. But if he is to be a reformer, he had better be a complete one. He has sufficiently alarmed, and will sufficiently alarm, the fogs, the toads, and the snobs, by the most moderate disposition to improve or to change; so why hover half-way between the clouds and the country? Let him invite the genius of England to come for the Staff appointments of the English army; and, above all, let him not put the power of deciding on the Staff appointments in the hands of any one general officer. "Jacob Omnium" observes most justly of this last proposal: "It is a task which no one single man can possibly discharge, either to his own satisfaction or to that of the country." How could "one single man" do so?—Resist the old dowagers—the intriguing old lords—the wily young sisters—pressing on him indirectly to be tender on their poor, little, little Bob?—Bob, who longs to air his white tuft on the parade-ground at a dashing young Staff officer!

When any improvement is in the wind, there are not wanting fellows to hint at the dangers of it; and, in the question before us, we have found them busy enough. Because a more scientific education is found necessary to save our officers and army from discomfiture, we are reminded that there are "other qualities" besides cultivated usefulness. Of course there are, but the country has a right to expect that its officers shall have both, and that common pluck and good horsemanship shall not be sufficient to cover with glory—

"—the straitened forehead of the fool."

There are disadvantages in a merely professional army, but an army not professional at all would surely be an imposture. As far as our "liberties," that objection (which, by the way, often comes from men whose zeal for any kind of liberty is highly dubious) has been frequently noticed in these columns. England can take care of her army, we trust, without ceasing to be able to take care of herself.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE LITTLE NEW PRINCESS was born while her Majesty was under the influence of chloroform. The last bulletin was issued on Monday. It stated that the Queen was convalescent, and that no further bulletin would be issued. It is expected that her Majesty will leave town for the Isle of Wight at the end of the first week in May.

A MINISTERIAL CIRCULAR has been issued to the new members, intimating that the election of a Speaker will take place on the 30th of the present month, and expressing the hope that "the whole of the Liberal party will attend to concur in the election of Mr. Denison."

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has been busily occupied this week. On Monday his Grace administered the rite of confirmation at Chatham and Whitstable. On Wednesday he consecrated a piece of ground at Betsanger. On Thursday he performed the like task at Buckland, near Dover, and afterwards the Episcopalian portion of the new cemetery at Folkestone.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON entered on his 50th year on Monday, having been born on the 20th of April, 1808.

THE BRITISH PORTRAIT GALLERY COMMISSION have made its first acquisition in the shape of the celebrated Chandos portrait of Shakespeare, by way of gift from the late Earl of Ellesmere. They have also made two purchases, one of a portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh, the other of Handel, by Hudson.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON will preside at the next anniversary dinner of the Printers' Pension Society, which will take place on the 22nd of May.

THE TOTAL AMOUNT OF GOLD in use in the world, in 1848, was, it is estimated, £600,000,000 sterling.

THE REV. WILLIAM ELLIS, Missionary, has returned from Madagascar, where he was well-treated by the Royal Family and the native authorities, though the laws against Christianity are not repealed.

AT THE BATTLE OF RIVAS, says the "New York Times," every filibuster who could stand and go, no matter how sick and weak, was compelled to fight. In one case, when an order was given to charge, some of these sick soldiers fell behind their ranks, unable to keep up from weakness, when Walker turned upon and shot them down like dogs.

A RULE NIST for setting aside the verdict in the late trial at the Gloucester Assizes, "Roux v. Wiseman," and for obtaining a new trial, has been obtained. The verdict, it will be recollected, went against the Cardinal.

A PARTY OF IRISH MINERS invaded the town of Kibrimie, N.B., on Friday week, and committed much violence to persons and property; an old woman, who was reading her Bible, was beaten so violently on the head as to place her life in danger.

A FISHING BOAT, containing four men, was returning from sea, last week, and while at the entrance of the harbour of Burghhead, N.B., she was struck by a wave and capsized. Two men were drowned, another afterwards died, and a fourth was not expected to live.

AT THE BATH QUARTER SESSIONS, held on Thursday, not a single barrister was retained to defend any of the prisoners. The number of barristers present was greater than the number of cases to be disposed of; consequently the briefs for the prosecution did not give them one each.

THE COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH has granted a rule calling upon the Rev. E. L. Burwell, master of the endowed Grammar School at Ruthven, in Denbighshire, to show cause why a criminal information should not be filed against him for the offence of "undue influence" committed by him at the recent election of a member to serve in Parliament for the Denbighshire boroughs.

THE STRAM CORVETTE SPHYNX, on her way to England from Malta, has on board a beautiful piece of brass ordnance of about twenty pounds calibre, of peculiar workmanship, the carriage being most exquisitely carved, as a present from the Sultan to Queen Victoria.

THE BARONS OF THE CRIMPEAN SOLDIERS have been ruthlessly condemned by the authorities to be shaved off; the pioneers only are to be allowed to wear beards.

THE SOUTHERN PARTS OF RUSSIA that suffered by the war are to be released from taxation for varying periods, and compensation is to be given to individual victims.

SIXTEEN SHIPS out of the eighty sunk at Sebastopol have been raised.

THE PORTUGUESE GOVERNMENT are preparing to send out a reinforcement of 300 men to Macao.

THE REVENUE OF CANADA last year was £1,497,385; the expenditure, £1,309,438; surplus, £187,952, to be added to the large balance at the credit of the province which has accrued in former years.

NO LESS THAN £300,000 is expended on medical charities in London annually. The fourteen general hospitals possess an income of £109,687 from property.

AS THE RUSSIANS don't readily take up shares in the great railway scheme, the Imperial Family has set them a significant example by subscribing for a considerable number.

THE DIARY OF THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL, kept by General Todleben, has been presented by him to the Emperor of the French.

VERY UNFAVOURABLE ACCOUNTS of the health of the Marquis of Dalhousie have, we hear, been received in town.

MR. BALL, M.P., was recently thrown off his horse into a ditch filled with mud and water, while riding round his farm. Had it not been for a labourer, who saw the accident, the Hon. Gentleman might have lost his life.

A DEPUTATION of proprietors, boyards, and lawyers, waited on Sir Henry Bulwer, on his arrival at Bucharest, on the 4th of April, to present an address of welcome from the Roumans to "the worthy representative of free England."

"HAD OLIVER CROMWELL more than one suit of clothes? This question," says a correspondent of the "Athenaeum," "has suggested itself to me in the following way: In nearly every painting or group of sculpture into which the Protector is introduced I find him attired in a buff-coat, broad-brimmed hat, and big boots."

HER MAJESTY has directed "letters patent to be issued, granting the dignity of a Baronet to Charles Locock, of Speldhurst, Kent, and of Herford Street, Mayfair, First Physician-Accoucheur to her Majesty."

THE PEOPLE OF NOVELLARA, in the Duchy of Modena, have sent a sum of money towards purchasing cannon for the fortress of Alessandria.

IN VENICE you must not sell your own property without official leave. Signor Pisani sold a noted Paul Veronese—"La Tenda di Dario"—to the British Government; the Venetians were angry; and the Civil Lieutenant has fined Signor Pisani double the sum he received for the painting, because the sale had been without the consent of the Venetian Government!

SOME SURPRISE is felt at the delayed departure of Lord Elgin for China. The "Manchester Guardian" states that he will be accompanied by his brother, the Honourable Frederick Bruce, by Mr. Oliphant, as his private secretary, by Mr. Fitzroy, and by a gentleman to be selected from the Foreign Office.

MR. HORSMAN has resigned the office of Secretary for Ireland; Mr. Osborne, the present Secretary to the Admiralty, will succeed him. A son of Sir Francis Baring is spoken of as the successor of Mr. Osborne at the Admiralty.

COLONEL ALEXANDER MURRAY TULLOCH, has been appointed an ordinary member of the Civil Division of the second class or Knights Commanders of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath.

PERMISSION is granted to Major Charles Nasmyth to wear the Order of the Medjidie of the Fourth class, given him by the Sultan on account of his services at Silistria in 1854.

A FRENCH TRAVELLER OF SOME NOTE, NAMED MACCARTHY, is about to set out for Finbuccoo.

MR. F. PERL, the rejected candidate at Bury, will, it is thought, find a seat in the Lansdowne Borough of Calne, where Sir W. Williams of Kars will make way for him.

IT IS INTENDED TO CLOSE THE NIGHTINGALE FUND during the first week in May, and to lay a detailed report of proceedings before the public, when the trustees appointed by Miss Nightingale will receive the amount subscribed as a record of national gratitude, and to enable her to establish an institution for the training, sustenance, and protection of nurses and hospital attendants.

MR. GORON, the well-known temperance orator, writing from America, says, "The cause in this country is in a depressed state. The Maine Law is a dead letter everywhere—more liquor sold than I ever knew before in Massachusetts, and in other States it is about as bad."

COLONEL WAUGH, one of the directors of the London and Eastern Bank, from which he obtained advances to the amount of £237,000, was adjudicated a bankrupt last week.

DURING SOME MILITARY EVOLUTIONS which were being made on Woolwich Common last week, in presence of Lord Bloomfield, our Envoy at the Court of Prussia, a gunner was seriously injured in the hand and face by the premature explosion of his piece.

THE OFFICE OF JUDGE OF THE CIVIL COURT OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA is vacant, we understand, in consequence of the resignation of Professor Barry.

A SCAVENGER OF PARIS gained the prize of £4,000 at the March drawing of the shares issued by that city, for the loan for improvements. His wife, when she heard of his unlooked-for fortune, fell dead of extreme joy.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL having been urged to deliver a lecture on behalf of the Peel Park, Bradford, last week, in his reply to the request stated that, finding his time and occupation much disturbed by the preparation and delivery of lectures, he has determined not to give any in future.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THE present successes and future prospects of the two Operas being the subjects most discussed in society at the present dull time, it may be as well to concentrate and reproduce the various rumours and opinions that are afloat respecting them. The opinions of professional critics on such matters have necessarily a certain amount of weight; but I think it will be found that the general public (by which, in opera matters, I mean that class of society which thinks it a bounden duty to show itself with tolerable regularity at one or other house), is usually guided more by spoken than written criticism, more by the verdict of the club and the drawing-room than the dictum of the press.

Although, of course, each management has its respective partisans, I think it will be found that Mr. Lumley has the ear of the public. Restricted to the small dimensions of the Lyceum Theatre, Mr. Gye has no opportunity of exercising that admirable taste in scenic effect and decoration which was the principal cause of the *prestige* at Covent Garden. His right hand in such matters, Mr. Augustus Harris, must find himself sadly cramped for want of space; indeed, the production of such operas as "Les Huguenots" and "Le Prophète" in all their pristine splendour of processions, groups, and scenery, is absolutely impossible. Moreover, although the London public is wonderfully constant in some cases (witness the admiration and applause still bestowed upon Grisi, a friend of twenty years' standing); yet it requires occasionally to be tickled with some novelty, some fresh excitement, which will give its members opportunity for conversation and interchange of ideas. This want has been this season fortunately supplied by Mr. Lumley in the production of Signor Giuglini, a tenor who, should his health and strength not forsake him, is calculated to take the highest rank in his profession. His face is good, not handsome, but intelligent and interesting, his eyes being specially brilliant and expressive, while his voice is delicious, clear, fine, and possessing that almost inexpressible quality, which is, perhaps, best expressed by the term "sympathetic"—full of soft ringing notes which seem to penetrate and sink into the heart of the hearer. His rendering of the "Spinto Gentil" was perfection; and his action and singing at the end of the second act of "La Favorita," where he breaks the sword and renounces his allegiance, showed that he possesses fire as well as pathos. Of Madame Spezia, public opinion is not so favourable; her personal appearance is not prepossessing, and her voice lacks strength. In the last act, where Grisi's wonderful acting excites the audience to a pitch of breathless interest, it was almost impossible to work up a sensation; and whatever emotion the audience showed was certainly excited, not by Madame Spezia, but by Signor Giuglini. If Mr. Lumley will not overwork him, this gentleman will prove to be the finest tenor that has for many years been heard in London, with the exception of Mario; and as he has youth on his side, it is very probable that with practice and experience he may outstrip even Mario himself. Mlle. Pochini, who is playing Esmeralda, is a spirited, airy, quaint little *dansuse*, with one or two pretty and novel steps, great confidence, and sprightliness, but, oh! Carlotta Grisi—*quant minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse*, which, being translated, means—it is pleasant to throw one's self into an arm-chair, and, amid the hums of a pipe, to recall that dreamy, voluptuous, graceful witchery, which marked thy every movement, thou queen of ballerinas! than to go and see any dancer of the present day.

Turning from the glare of the operatic to the chastened sobriety of the literary world, let us note the completion of the new Reading-room at the British Museum, which will be opened on the 8th of May. Qualified persons speak rapturously of the beauty of the decorations of the new room, of its artistic and classic finish, and of its manifold comforts in the shape of reading-tables, writing-tables, and special slabs for the deposit of enormous tomes. The floor is to be covered with matting, to deaden the sound of passing footsteps; and the room is to have more light, more air, and more available space than any other building in the country, with the exception of the Crystal Palace. Moreover, the Superintendent's desk is to be in the centre of the room, where he will be immediately accessible to persons importunate in the matter of catalogues, &c.

Mr. W. H. Russell's first lecture on the Russian War is announced for the 28th instant, at Wilk's Rooms; and the sum charged for tickets for the three lectures, is to be two guineas. I fear this is a very bad move on the part of the *entrepreneurs*. It is evident that the lectures will be addressed to the general public, and not to that upper ten thousand who alone can afford to pay such an extravagant price for amusement. Moreover, the delay has been so great in bringing Mr. Russell forward, that the interest of the subject has almost died out, and the size of the audience will now be entirely dependent upon the amount of curiosity to see the lecturer, not to hear his lecture. Our English Barnums should manage these affairs more cleverly.

I have a communication before me complaining of the existing state of affairs as regards the Soane Museum, in Lincoln's Inn, which is only open two days a week, and even then is most difficult of access. All our public institutions of a similar nature want looking into. Saturday afternoon is now almost universally accepted as a half-holiday, and yet that day is chosen for the closing of Marlborough House and the National Gallery!

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

In default of any theatrical news this week, I send you the following excellent letter I have received from a correspondent:—

To the *Lounger*.

THEATRICAL FAMILIARITY.

"Sir,—Your opinions upon theatrical matters are always so straightforward and honest, that I am sure they exert some influence over the profession. Under cover of that influence, I hope you will allow me to offer you a few remarks, which the theatrical world may be benefited by studying."

"The subject to which I wish to call your (more strict) attention is professional nomenclature, which I would divide into two classes—the familiar and the affected. The first is reaching a point which is perfectly offensive. There is scarcely a clown, or comic singer, who does not, in this manner, insist (so to speak) upon shaking hands with everybody; forgetting that the general public may not be so desirous of the 'half-fledged well-met' intimacy. Why should Mr. Flexmore—a clever mimic, but no clown, by-the-way—call himself, on his own bills, 'Flex?' Why should I, or you, or anybody, admit him to our familiarity as 'Flex?' He is Mr. Flexmore, an active gentleman whom we pay to do something to amuse us, and we certainly are amused. We want nothing more—certainly not to cling to him with all the endearing affection of the diminutive. The greater part of the theatrical world lives and moves in such a confined and esthetic circle, and has interest in so very little beyond it, that the expression of individuals is taken, by the majority of its members, as the tone of the public feeling towards it. I remember some months ago, after much preliminary announcement, a comic singer, called on the bills 'Gus' Grant, came out—and apparently went in afterwards, for I have no recollection of an enduring popularity having been achieved. Why 'Gus?' If I had met him, I should not have called him by that name. It was most probably Augustus, and 'Mr. A. Grant' would have been much more respectable. Why does the profession thus lower itself? What should we think if in the catalogue of the Royal Academy we found that 'Gus Erg' had a picture?"

"A long list of professionals, who intrude this 'my boy' style of 'you-shall-be-very-intimate-with-me' introduction on a general, and after all indifferent public, rises before me. 'Harry' Boleyn, 'Sam' Cowell, 'Tom' Mathews, 'Sam' Collins, 'Harry' Fulford, 'Harry' Croneste, 'Harry' is a very favourite title, usually pronounced 'Arry' by true admirers) all belong to this category. We will not even except 'Val' Morris, a musical intimacy who grasps our hand from the title pages of his works, but who might as well call himself 'Val d'Andorre,' and who does not need this, for his compositions are pretty and popular."

"There is no reason, because a few friends and admirers attached to one or other of these artists by the ties of blood or conviviality, thus fondly name them, that they should force all the world to cleave them to its heart with the same endearing abbreviation. I doubt not that in the private circle of Mr. Keeley's acquaintance, there are old friends who call him 'Bob'; but I should be very sorry to read 'Engagement of Bob Keeley' on a Drury Lane bill: except I regarded it simply as one of those marvelous emanations of Mr. Everlasting (Theatrical) Smith's management."

"Moreover, I am ready to lay odds that Mr. Williams, late of the Adelphi, was never actually christened 'Barney' But this is American. I see a Miss 'Maggie' something or another is going about the States; so is Miss 'Polly' Marshall; so did Mr. 'Dan' Marble, and Mr. 'Josh' Silsby."

"This is all wrong, and offensive, and lowering to the profession. And it is utterly useless in gaining position. Certain old favourites would not have stood higher had they called themselves a Jack Kemble, Ned Keen, Bill Macready, Dick Jones, Sally Siddons, and Polly and Nelly Tree."

"If I see this letter in your next paper, I shall know you approve of it; and then I will send you another, pertaining to the second class of nomenclatures—the affected."

"Hoxtonia, April 22, 1857."

JONES."

THE CRYSTAL PALACE PROGRAMME FOR 1857.

THE season will commence on the 1st of May, with a grand morning concert by the artists of the Italian Opera; and arrangements have been made for a series of twelve concerts during the season. The musical direction will be in the hands of Mr. Costa, who will himself conduct a portion of the concerts. The space allotted to the concert-room last year having been found inadequate to accommodate the audiences, the directors have determined to give the concerts in the great transept. The two guinea season tickets will be available for these concerts. Transferable tickets will also be issued for each concert at 7s. 6d. each. The directors have also made arrangements with the Cologne Choral Union for a concert in the centre transept on Saturday, the 6th of June, and both classes of season tickets will be available for it. The displays of the fountains, cascades, and jets d'eau will be resumed, and continued during the whole season. The Great Water Towers are now completed, and arrangements have been made, by which, for a small charge, visitors to the palace can ascend them and enjoy the extensive view from the balconies, where powerful telescopes are about to be placed.

The great feature of the Crystal Palace programme for 1857 is, however, the Handel Festival, which will be held on the 13th, 15th, 17th, and 19th of June. This "festival" is looked forward to as an event in the musical world, great as the comet (which is to take place on our horizon about the same time) in the astronomical. The festival, though a preliminary affair, and in itself a sort of rehearsal for greater things in 1859 (the centenary of Handel's death), promises well. The chorus is to comprise 1,100 chosen voices. There will be 76 first violins, 74 second violins, 50 violas, 50 violoncellos, and 50 double-basses (in all 300 stringed instruments); 9 flutes, 9 oboes, 9 clarinets, 9 bassoons, 12 horns, 12 trumpets and cornets, 9 trombones, 3 euphoniums, 9 serpents and bass-horns, 3 drums, and 6 side drums (90 wind instruments);—a force, in fact, hitherto unprecedented. Beyond these, an organ of gigantic power has been built for the occasion—an organ weighing twenty tons, with no end of stops and four rows of keys—CC to A in alt.

The arrangements announced on a former occasion with the Government of Canada are now complete, the Government of Canada having undertaken to form and maintain in the palace a collection which shall completely set forth the condition of the manufactures and other industry and resources of that important colony. During the season there will be two grand horticultural and floral exhibitions, one in May, and the other, which will extend over three days, in September. There will also be two poultry shows in the course of the season, viz., in August and January. The cricket ground is now complete, and will be thoroughly in order for the approaching summer. The archery ground will be continued, as before, in the northern portion of the grounds, behind the picture gallery wing.

The directors have determined on continuing the price of season tickets of admission at the following rates:—Season tickets, available from 1st May, 1857, to 30th April, 1858, two guineas each (admitting to everything excepting the Handel Festival); and tickets, available from 1st May, 1857, to 30th April, 1858, one guinea each (admissible to everything excepting the opera concerts, and the other Fridays throughout the year, and the four days of the Handel Festival).

OBITUARY.

HARRIS-CHARGES, Sir R. G., K.C.B.—On Monday, April 12th, at Bitchfield, near Grantham, aged 76, died Lieutenant-General Sir Richard Goddard Harris-Charges, K.C.B., and Colonel of the 12th Regiment of Foot. He was a son of the late Rev. James Harris, M.A., descended from the Harces of Stow Bardolph, by the daughter of Christopher Charges, Esq., son of the late Sir Wm. Charges, Bart., whose name he assumed by sign manual in 1831. He was born at Chingford Hall, Essex, in 1780, and married, in 1818, Anna Maria, daughter of the late Sir Thomas Lethbridge, Bart. He was educated at Rugby, and entered at Oxford, though he never resided, as he obtained his commission in 1796. He served in Egypt, and was afterwards Assistant Adjutant-General to a division of Lord Wellington's army in the Peninsula War, and received the gold medal with one clasp for the battles of Nive and Niville, and also the silver war medal and nine clasps. Sir Harris Charges was a Deputy-Lieutenant for Lincolnshire, and became a K.C.B. in 1856. In 1852 he was made Colonel of the 12th Foot.

BICKERSTETH, ROBERT.—At Liverpool, on the 17th inst., died Mr. Robert Bickersteth, an eminent surgeon in that town. He was a native of Westmoreland, and was born at Baky Lane date in 1787. His father was a medical man there, in extensive practice, and greatly respected. Mr. Bickersteth studied in Edinburgh and London. For nearly fifty years he was in active practice in Liverpool, during a large part of which the labour he underwent, both of body and mind, night and day, is almost incredible—nothing but the unusual amount of energy he possessed could have carried him through. His brothers were the Rev. J. Bickersteth, rector of Sapcote; Lord Langdale, and the Rev. E. Bickersteth, of Watton. The present Bishop of Ripon is his nephew.

RICHTER, HENRY.—At Mylebone, on the 8th inst., died Mr. Henry Richter, a member of the Society of Painters in Water Colours. He first exhibited in 1813, and in 1820, produced the best known of his paintings, "The Tight Shoe." In 1823 appeared a composition entitled "A Picture of Youth; or, the School in an Upright," being the second that had been painted of the same design for the purposes of engraving. His highest attempts appear to have been scenes from the plays of Shakespeare. He was always a soaring exhibitor. In the year 1852, we had a single subject, "Devotion;" in 1853, "Lavinia;" in 1854, "A Girl's Head;" in 1855, a scene representing "The Fool and Andrew, from 'As You Like It,'" and in 1856, "The Head of a Child." He also occasionally painted in oils.

SKINNER, BISHOP.—At Aberdeen, on the 15th inst., died the Right Rev. William Skinner, D.D., Bishop of the Diocese of Aberdeen and Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church. The death of Bishop Skinner may be said to break the last living link of connection between the Scottish Episcopate of the eighteenth and the Scottish Episcopate of the nineteenth century. His grandfather—the first Episcopalian of the family—was the Rev. John Skinner, the author of an "Ecclesiastical History of Scotland," and an unsuccessful writer of Latin verses, but now best known by that "Reel of Tullochgorum" which Burns pronounced to be the "best Scotch song ever Scotland saw." Bishop Skinner was born at Aberdeen in 1778, and was educated at Wadham College, Oxford. He received deacon's orders from the hands of Bishop Horsley of St. Asaph's, by whom, in 1802, he was ordained a priest. In the same year he began to officiate as curate or assistant to his father in St. Andrew's Church, Aberdeen, of which he was soon afterwards appointed joint incumbent. He was consecrated Bishop of Aberdeen in 1816 took his degree of Doctor in Divinity at Oxford in 1819, and in 1841 was elected Primus of the Episcopal Church in Scotland. The Right Rev. Gentleman enjoyed a very large measure of esteem and respect.

THE CHINESE EXPEDITION.—The "Times" observes:—"We are not sending a second expedition to China for nothing. We are about to make demands, and are resolved to have them complied with. They are such as the Emperor of China will not concede without positive and painful proof of his inability to refuse them. There will be war, and we confess to a mighty General Ashburnham is exactly the man for taking such possession of Canton, marching on Peking, or seizing the three or four new ports to be opened to foreign trade." Major-General Ashburnham, with the staff of the expeditionary force for China, arrived on the 13th at Malta, in the Colombo, for England.

CHINESE NOTES.

THE ATTEMPT TO BURN THE "COMUS."

In the "Illustrated Times," of April 11, we told how the Chinese, inspired by the festival of the new year, had made an attempt to burn and destroy her Majesty's ship *Comus*. With a strong breeze blowing and the tide in their favour, our pyrotechnic enemies launched two large junks, which had previously been converted into fire-ships by means of a cargo of inflammable materials, saturated with oil and seasoned with gunpowder. The *Comus* was moored head and stern in the main branch of the river, when down came the fire-ships upon her—and the experiment nearly succeeded. Both the junks came heavily on to the *Comus*; and while one fortunately carried away the spanker boom and so got clear of her Majesty's ship, the other, which was all conflagration fore and aft, was only kept off the vessel by her fire-boat. At length the *Comus* got clear, but not without some damage, and very distinct fire-marks.

A sketch of this affair having been sent to us, we engrave it on the following page.

A CHINESE MARRIAGE.

In China, as in most other countries, a marriage is of course a matter of no slight importance in the eyes of those whom it more particularly concerns. The poorer classes marry as soon as they have money enough to purchase a wife and to defray the expenses of taking her home; while among the wealthy every encouragement is given to matrimony; the age for the celebration of this interesting ceremony varying from sixteen to twenty in the case of men, and from twelve to fourteen in that of women.

So anxious are Chinese parents to have their children settled in life, that Dr. Morrison says, in some provinces of the Chinese Empire, a public notice is issued by the wealthy to obtain a husband for their daughter; this is done by the affluent, who are unwilling to part with their child, and who, therefore, bring the son-in-law into their own family, instead of the usual practice of sending the daughter from home. The parties about to contract matrimony, have not the advantage of seeing each other before the ceremony; but as the smallness of a woman's foot is the great recommendation in the eyes of a Chinaman, her shoe is sent in order that he may form an opinion of her perfections. A marriage in China is

always preceded by a negotiation called *ping*, conducted by agents or go-betweens, selected by the parents on both sides. This negotiation is indispensable; and should there be no friends who will undertake the delicate office, a professional, that is to say, a paid match-maker is employed. Should the negotiation terminate satisfactorily, the aid of judicial astrology is called in, and the horoscopes of the intended couple compared. The choice of a fortunate day is deemed of such paramount importance, that in case of the calendar being unfavourable to the auguries, the ceremony is postponed for months. The Chinese have borrowed from the Hindoos a notion that marriage goes by destiny. A deity, styled Yue-laou, "the old man of the moon," is popularly believed to unite with a silken cord all predestined couples, and then nothing can prevent their ultimate union—though Yue-laou does not appear always to use the discretion in these cases one would expect from a divinity. The most essential circumstance in a respectable family alliance is, that there should be equality of rank on either side. The bride brings no dowry to her husband; on the contrary, he has to expend a large sum of money in marriage gifts.

The most appropriate and felicitous season for effecting matrimonial alliances is considered to be the spring, when the peach-trees are in blossom. This prejudice is alluded to in a little poem in the "Book of Odes," thus elegantly paraphrased by the accomplished Sir William Jones:—

"Sweet child of spring, the garden's queen,
Yon peach-tree charms the roving sight;
Its fragrant leaves how richly green,
Its blossoms how divinely bright!

"So softly shines the beauteous bride,
By love and conscious virtue led,
O'er her new mansion to preside,
And placid joys around her shed."

All matters having been arranged, the bride is, on the appointed day conveyed from her father's house by a numerous train of attendants, clad in

garments of various colours. There are also, in the procession, sedan-chairs, filled with presents to the bride. These constitute her whole marriage dowry. The persons composing the train are hired for the occasion. There are large establishments in China, provided with men, chairs, and dresses, to be hired out for escorts of this kind. The dresses and sedans range through all the degrees of costliness and elegance.

makers have much in their power, and can report favourably or the reverse of the bride, just as it jumps with their interest. Her parents are therefore careful to purchase their good word; and we read that they represent the damsel in glowing colours, or otherwise, just in proportion to the presents made to them when exercising their functions.



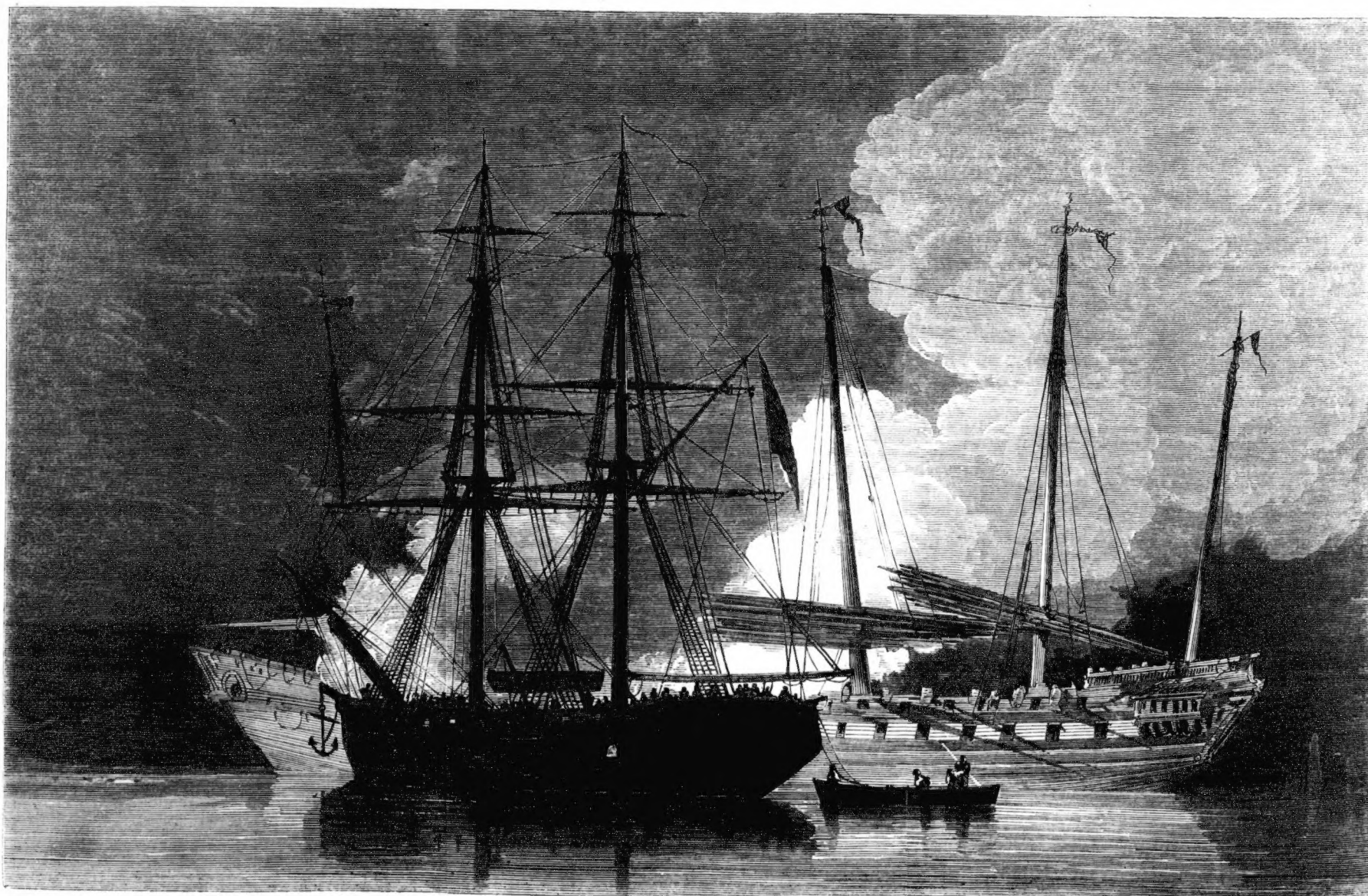
A CHINESE MATCH-MAKER VISITING THE INTENDED BRIDE.—(FROM A DRAWING BY A NATIVE ARTIST.)

Articles of this kind, more or less expensive, and a more or less numerous train of attendants, are employed, according to the rank and wealth of the parties to be united. Howqua, the rich Hong merchant, expended above 50,000 dollars on a daughter's wedding, including the bridal presents. Live geese are always among the presents, and they are carried in the procession, being considered, apparently without any good foundation, patterns of concord and fidelity in the married state. The grandeur of a marriage is estimated by the number of attendants who figure in the procession.

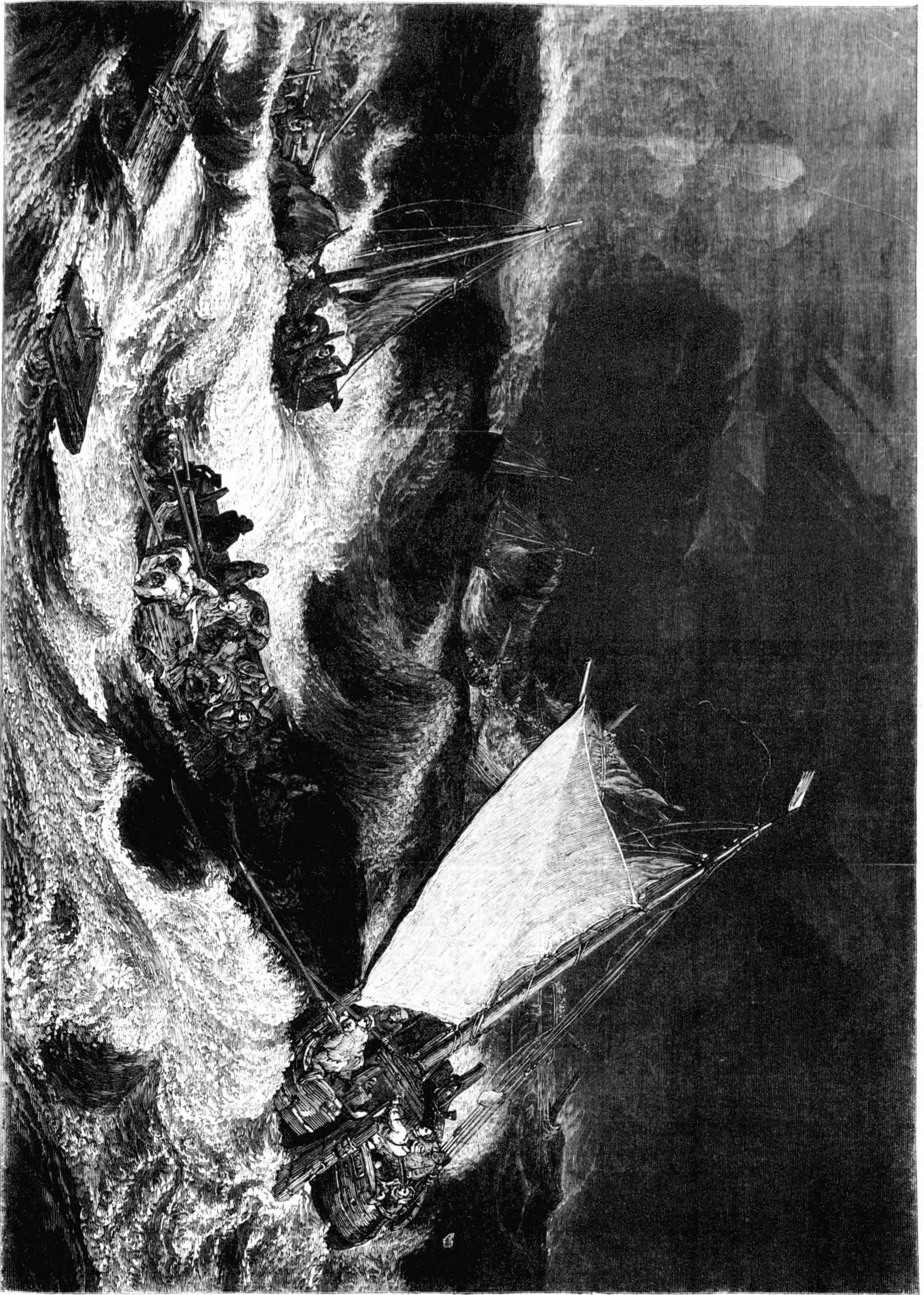
The nuptial ceremony is performed at the house of the bridegroom. The evening is the favourite hour for the ceremony; and hence a bride is compared to the moon—"When the sun sets, the moon appears." Another phrase, in confirmation of this custom—"When the pale moon goes forth, how fine the appearance of a beautiful bride!"

When the bride reaches the residence of her future husband, she is lifted by matrons over a pan of charcoal—a usage, the exact import of which is not understood. Various ceremonies follow, which end in the husband unveiling his bride, whom he now sees for the first time, and drinking with her the cup of alliance. Marriage is termed "the excellent ceremony," and is promoted by every consideration that can act upon the human mind. The national maxim is, that "There are three great acts of disregard to parents, and that to die without progeny is the chief."

We have alluded to the custom which prevails in China, of employing match-makers in the formation of fitting alliances; and our engraving represents one of them at the house of a destined bride. The match-



ATTEMPT BY THE CHINESE TO BURN THE COMODUS BY MEANS OF FIRE-SHIPS.



THE SHIPWRECK—FROM A PAINTING BY J. W. M. TURNER, R.A.—FROM THE COLLECTION AT SANLUDOW (IN 1857)



THE RIGHT REV. DR. HINDS, LATE BISH. P. OF NORWICH.

THE EX-BISHOP OF NORWICH.

A MODERATE High Churchman, who has written and spoken much on the subject of popular education, and published several volumes of sermons, which are generally esteemed both for their eloquence and orthodoxy;—such is the notion entertained by the public of that mitred divine, whose resignation of the Bishopric of Norwich has afforded Lord Palmerston another opportunity of displaying for the Evangelical party in the Church, that sympathy which has been the origin of so much of the popularity enjoyed by the present Administration. Some, we believe, have ascribed it to the Bishop of Norwich as a fault, that he has manifested too decided a bias towards the theology of Whately and Hampden; but however that may have been, on such an occasion as his retirement into private life, a portrait of the Right Rev. Prelate, and a sketch of his career, will not be unwelcome to our readers, whatever their ecclesiastical leanings.

The son of a planter in Barbadoes, where his progenitors were among the earliest settlers and the most considerable proprietors, Samuel Hinds—such is his name—was born in that island, of which, by-the-bye, the Bishop of Hereford is also a native. He early came to England, however, and was educated at Queen's College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1815, and obtained the Chancellor's prize for the Latin essay in 1818. Having thus signalled his talents, Dr. Hinds became successively principal of Codrington College, Barbadoes, vice-principal of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, vicar of Yardley, in Hertfordshire, Prebendary of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, and incumbent of the united parishes of Castle Knock, Clonsilla, and Mulhuddert.

When the Government of Ireland was entrusted to the Earl of Rossborough, Dr. Hinds was nominated first chaplain to that nobleman, and he continued to occupy the same post during the memorable vice-royalty of the Earl of Clarendon. This was a position favourable to the fortunes of Dr. Hinds; and, in 1848, he was appointed Dean of Carlisle. About the same time, he preached the sermon at the consecration of his fellow-islander, Dr. Hampden, Bishop of Hereford, whose case excited so much strife in the Church. On that occasion, Dr. Hinds frankly expressed his admiration of the scholastic theology, for adhering to which Dr. Hampden was censured, and animadverted with severity on those members of the University who opposed Dr. Hampden's elevation.

At length, in the year 1849, Dr. Hinds was raised to the Episcopal bench as eighty-seventh Bishop of Norwich. The bishopric was founded in 1088, and the foundation of the cathedral laid in 1094, by Bishop Herbert Losinga. He, however, only finished the choir and the tower, leaving to his successors the task of completing the edifice, the plan of which is almost wholly Norman. On the north side of the cathedral, and connected with it, is the Episcopal palace, a large and irregular edifice, built by different prelates. In the garden are some remains of the ancient hall of the palace, now in ruins. The Bishop is patron of forty-seven livings. The annual value of the see is £4,500; and the diocese includes the whole of Norfolk, with parts of the neighbouring county of Suffolk.

Bishop Hinds, as we have mentioned, is author of several volumes on theological and ecclesiastical subjects. These are entitled "The Rise and Progress of Christianity," "The Inspiration and Authority of Scripture," and "The Three Temples of the One True God." He attained great eminence at the University of Oxford, and, at one time, it was fully expected that he would succeed Dr. Hampden as the Regius Professor of Divinity. He is understood to be the intimate friend of Dr. Whately, the present Archbishop of Dublin, and lived on familiar terms with the celebrated Dr. Arnold. The resignation of the eighty-seventh Bishop of Norwich is said to be in consequence of ill-health.



OTHELLO'S LAMENTATION.—(FROM A PAINTING BY T. SALTER IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.)

THE BADDINGTON PEERAGE.

BEING THE LIVES OF THEIR LORDSHIPS.

A STORY OF THE BEST AND THE WORST SOCIETY.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA,

AUTHOR OF "A JOURNEY DUE NORTH."

(Continued from page 254.)

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY GOES BACK TWENTY YEARS.

LEG-OF-MUTTON sleeves were unknown, and the genius who was to prevent coachwheel hats, was, if not unborn, certainly as yet in his swaddling clothes, when people lived and died in the village of Malloos Cray, Kent, nearly forty-eight years ago.

It was a little village in a little verdant hole—a vale would be a more, poetical appellation, but hole is the apter—approached by a narrow tumble-down road, on which the milestones and guideposts all stood askew, like so many miniature leaning-towers of Pisa. Through the green hole, there ran a brawling little skein of water, by a vast strain of courtesy called the river Craywell, which made its appearance at the head of the countryside, with quite a lilliputian Niagara splash and bustle, but disappeared at the other end very meanly, splitting itself up into a tangled web of shiny aqueous threads, which bridges utterly disdained, and which were only tolerated as a place of misanthropic seclusion by sundry piscatorial Timous in the shape of trout, weary of the world. The river recovered its health and strength afterwards, however, and made a grand end of it at Mallow-in-the-Marshes, a brackish townlet of a place, where it widened surprisingly, and tumbled, somehow, into the most famous river in the world.

The world did not take much notice of Malloos Cray in the year eighteen hundred and nine; and in revenge, the Malloos Crayfish took not the slightest notice of the world; nor had they taken much, it was said, for many centuries past. They had very little leaning towards politics, save as regarded a general hatred for the French, of whose violent invasion of England in general and Malloos Cray in particular, the wise men of the village (parish clerk, schoolmaster, and fat innkeeper) were in continuous and anxious expectation. They were much attached to the Lord Bishop of Bosforus, who had a country seat (delightfully old, picturesque, and haunted) some five miles away, and did much cosy, old-fashioned good among the villagers. And they believed very strongly in butcher's meat, of which, from their tenderest years, they consumed vast quantities; it being even a tradition among sundry of the men of Mallow that the raw beefsteak was the most nourishing food for a newly-weaned babe, and that a nursing mother could not have too much roast leg of mutton. Beef, in its normal and end-chewing condition, they reared with great success; the green hole was girt about by fat farms, where farmers as fat raised corpulent crops, and flocks of obese sheep perspired under weighty fleeces. Two or three very wealthy squires, together with the Lord Bishop, were the territorial superiors of the Mallow land; and as they were liberal of butcher's meat and October beer on rent-days, the Crayfish paid their rents very cheerfully. Men lived to a prodigious age in Malloos Cray. There was no pauperism to speak of; for if a Crayfish fell into difficulties in the Cray, the villagers either indignantly kicked him out of the happy valley, or he "fitted," as it was called, of his own accord, paying nobody, and being heard of no more. As for gipsies and tramps, they knew better than trouble Malloos Cray much or often; for the natives regarded them all as "foreigners," and as naturally akin to the French; and as they not only had stocks, and cage, and whipping-post, and all the will to use them, for their coercion, but likewise incited the village boys to pelt all foreigners with stones, the tramps and the people of Egypt gave Malloos Cray a wide berth, and placed cabalistic diagrams of turf sods at the corners of the road leading to the village, warning, in the hieroglyphics of the vagrant profession, their brother beggars and Bohemians that the Crayfish were a bad lot, and that the less they had to do with them the better.

There were pleasing poets at Malloos Cray, who wrote epitaphs for one another, in staggering rather than halting lines. These poets ate butcher's meat, and drank pots of cyder occasionally for wagers. They fought, too, sometimes, very fiercely and savagely, not only at fisticuffs among themselves, but in the way of cock-fighting, dog-fighting, and badger-drawing. There had been a town-bull in Malloos Cray once, and in remoter ages a town-bear, for sporting purposes, which had been put down, according to rumour, by Oliver Cromwell, whose memory on that account was hated by old and young. There was a capital school-house, with a famous old schoolmaster not quite blind, and not quite deaf, who wore silver buckles in his shoes, taught the children a little, and thrashed them much. The villagers married early, and after short courtships—a good, hearty meat tea being the usual *premier pas* in amatory matters, and a declaration in the form of a decorous tickling of the adored object in a hay-field the culmination. They believed in ghosts, witchcraft, wart-charming, fortune-telling, and dream-construing. They went to bed early, and rose earlier; they went to church, and to sleep in it, once a week, and played at bowls afterwards; they made no fortunes, but had good wages, ate and drank heartily, had large families, smoked long pipes, danced at Christmas and Harvest time, and were sufficiently happy in their generation.

Peaceful and peaceable they were certainly; although in 1809 the world was convulsed by wars and rumours of wars; and there were hundreds of hills and valleys all over the world that were running with rivers, not of limpid water, but of blood. Now and then, a mysterious potentate called the King of Rooshia came accidentally on the tapis, or rather on the sanded floor of the village inn-parlour; and every now and then the dreaded and detested name of "Boney," seldom amplified into "Boneypartey," was used by mothers to frighten troublesome children; by quarrelling boys as a term of insulting derision; by the three wise men of the village, as a clincher to the argument that the French must certainly invade England and Malloos Cray soon. When a recruiting party came down into the little green, punchbowl of a place, which was of very rare occurrence, the village lasses stared a while at the red coats and streaming ribbons, and in temporary agitation of mind, cooked the meals badly for the next twenty-four hours or so; but his Majesty's Onetyonth, or Old Hundredth regiment of foot, took no hearts as they marched away from the girls they left behind them. The village lads listened to the rub-a-dub of the drums, the lively tootings of the fifes, and the seductive oratory of the Sergeant Kite of the party, with broad grins and wide-staring eyes; but they steadily refused to partake of refreshment with the gallant sons of Mars on these occasions, and to all enticements to take the King's shilling, shook their shock-heads, and answered, "Naw, naw! It wot time to ger hard knocks when the French kum and ger hard knocks to thun;" which, in the Malloos Cray vernacular, meant that they didn't see the fun of going to Spain to be shot, and preferred shooting or being shot on their own hearths and in their own homes. The only exception made to this repudiation of the military service of the country, was of course when the periodical ballots for the militia took place, and then they bought themselves and each other off with all convenient speed; and again when any one of the village families was troubled with a black sheep, in the form of a refractory, good-for-nothing son, who was so perpetually told that he would come to be hung if he didn't 'list, by all his friends and relatives, that in sheer despair he generally made haste to 'list, in order that he might die by powder and ball, and not by hemp; but was perhaps eventually hanged after all (such is the uncertainty of human destinies) by Lord Wellington in Spain, even as Bardolph was "hanged for stealing a pix."

Now, it was because there was a black sheep of this description, Will Catteran by name, who had so been compelled to enlist in a marching regiment in 1808, that I have been obliged to take this history back twenty long years; that I have said anything about recruiting parties coming into Malloos Cray; that I have mentioned Malloos Cray at all.

For if William Catteran, village-rake, spendthrift, sluggard, pugilist and ne'er-do-weel, had not enlisted, Sarah Collett, the Beauty of Malloos Cray, would not have been left without a sweetheart; and if Sarah had not thus been bereft of her dissolute swain, she would not, after the first bitterness, and vexation, and pining of her virgin widowhood had passed, have

begun to look out, with eyes which, though not red with weeping, were exceedingly sharp, for sweetheart number two.

She was the daughter of old Daddy Collett, the schoolmaster of the Cray. She was not a *piquante* beauty, a fragile beauty, a beauty the "irregularity of whose features was redeemed by expression;" she was simply a most beautiful young woman, who felt her life in every limb; who, but a step removed from the condition of a peasant, moved, and looked, and spoke like a Queen who, reared among boors, was royally graceful digni-

yet she was but a schoolmaster's daughter, living among rude and ignorant cottagers, and tearing her hair with vexation because the comeliest clodhopper of the village, Will Catteran—with whom she was, *au fond*, no more in love than you are with me, madam—had chosen to turn out a most notable scamp, to snare Squire Lupus's game, to play skittles instead of cultivating the soil, and finally, being excommunicated by the united body of Crayfish, to enlist in the Hundred and Tenth, or "Nottingham Roughs," Light Infantry.



THE BEAUTY OF MALLOOS CRAY.—(Drawn by Phil.)

fied, haughty; who, in fine, was one of those rare and perfect gems to be found oft-times in the oddest, humblest, plainest casket, which seem thrown there, hidden there, in some sly caprice of nature, and are brought forth to the world in time, encircled with gorgeous settings and tributary jewels, humorous satires upon the boastings of "unsullied pedigree," illustrious ancestry and *sangre azul*, as a humorous proof that the obscurest, remotest kindred of the "grand old gardener and his wife," can, and do, wrench the golden apple sometimes, even from the high-bred descendant of Robert Fitz-Leman or Hugo Fitz-Sykes, who came over with the Conqueror seven centuries since, as gallant knights, but who would have gone over with the Convict-ship as felons in this less chivalrous age.

The girl had no accomplishments; for, with a wonderful natural capacity, she was as lazy as she was beautiful. She could neither dance, nor play, nor paint, nor sing, as those frivolities are understood by the polite world; yet she would have been quite at home in the boudoir of a duchess, and her little cottage keeping-room looked like one as she sat in it. Fond of finery, she had few pence to purchase any with, and went perforce plainly clad; but the trashiest trinket shone on her magnificent figure as

A great battle had been fought in Spain, and Britannia, wanting men very badly just then, joyfully accepted Will Catteran, and, giving him a shilling and promising him six pounds (which she forgot to give him afterwards) by way of bounty, made him a full private on the spot. Sarah Collett heard the sound of the last drum and the last fife die away as the recruiting party wound through the orange and crimson-hued lanes (it was autumn time); and when her lover was gone, went out into a corn-field, and wept for rage and spite, and not for sorrow, and much more against the truant Will than for him. She would not have married the man at any time; she probably would have treated him in a very dog-like fashion had he returned that very moment. I don't think she would have fainted, or gone into very violent hysterics, had the constant predictions of the Malloos Crayfish respecting him been fulfilled, and had William been hanged outright. But she was in a rage with herself, with him, with all the world, because he was gone, because pretty Meggy Saunders, and black-eyed Rose Eagleton, and especially Maryanne Terryton, the baker's daughter—all her rival belles, and jealous of her because she was a little elevated above them in position, and a million degrees above them in majesty



GERVASE TALCON MEETS WITH THE BEAUTY WHILE FISHING.—(Drawn by Phil.)

the famous *collier* might have shone on wretched Marie Antoinette; and she had but to let her black hair down, to be enveloped in the mantle of an empress.

The girl was proud, and vain, and passionate; and if she had any heart at all, it was as hard as the nether millstone; but she simulated love—as the priests of heathen temples simulated piety—that she might have incense for her altars and offerings for her shrines. She might, under other influences, have been a Semiramis, a Lais, a Phryne, or a Second Catherine;

beauty—because these lively, and not unfrequently uncharitable young ladies, would rejoice at her humiliation, and utter disparaging remarks concerning her at that grand gossiping exchange, the "everything shop," where old Mrs. Plaistermidge sold linen-draperies and lanterns, sweetstuffs and scrubbing brushes, beaver hats and birch brooms.

Sarah Collett, the Beauty of Malloos Cray, sulked in her maiden bower for seven whole days. She did not contemplate a funeral pyre for herself, like the late unfortunate Queen Dido; she did not meditate strangulation in

the manner patronised by the equally late and unfortunate Miss Bailey; but she was very miserable. But the evening of the seventh day happening to be a most gloriously mellow and sunny one, and her father having gone to sleep, as was his usual evening custom, over "Law's Serious Call," she slipped on her hat and spencer, and determined to pay a visit for comfort and condolence to her only chosen friend and ally, Miss Tubbs, who was the daughter of stout old John Tubbs, the landlord of the village inn, and who, being exceedingly ugly and exceedingly servile, had been discovered to be an admirable and devoted friend by the belle of the village.

She walked down the steep little street, sheepishly saluted by three-fourths of the unmarried male Crayfish, whose vast majority were madly in love with her, and paternally addressed by the married men of Mallows, to the great indignation of the sweethearts of the Bachelors and the wives of the Bachelors of Mallows. Miss Saunders passed her, and giggled at her; Miss Terryton passed her, and tossed her head; in return for which modes of salutation it would have been inexpressibly delicious to Sarah, the beautiful, to tear their hair from their heads and their eyes from their sockets—but she didn't.

There was a handsome gig, with a big brown horse in silver-mounted harness, standing at the door of the inn, and a groom was taking a portmanteau and hat-box from beneath the seat. The apparent proprietor of the vehicle stood, whip in hand, by the horse, patting the handsome steed on the flank. Sarah noticed that he was a tall, comely, florid young man, rather inclined to be stout, perhaps, but decidedly good-looking. He was clad in the deepest of mourning.

He was about to put up both man and horse, at the inn: that was easy to see, for the groom carried the portmanteau into the hall as Joe the ostler ran to the horse's head. It was curious, too, that as Sarah slipped modestly into the hostelry in her way to Miss Tubbs's private parlour, she should have been tempted to cast an inquisitive glance on the portmanteau lying at the foot of the stairs, and that she should have noticed a brass plate on the top of that article of luggage—a brass plate engraved with these initials—G. F.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

MRS. FALCON AT HOME.

THE same great battle in Spain that had put Britannia to the strain of picking up by sound of life and drum such waifs and strays as Will Catteran, "had placed" (to use the newspaper obituary location) "many of the most distinguished families in mourning." For it is a way that Death has in the army (and, to do him justice, in the navy, the church, and the civil service likewise) of smiting down impartially the common soldier, who, wrapped up in scarlet blazetting, and carrying the inevitable Brown Bess, sells his liberty and his life for thirty pence a day, and the gorgeous captain in feathers and lace, who has purchased a commission as he would a park-hack, to amuse himself withal, and who has, maybe, not thirteen pence, but thirteen thousand pounds a year in addition to his pay. The Spanish battle had been a very bloody one; officers as well as men had fallen thick and fast under the scythe of the Great Reaper, who respects neither the mammoth ear of corn, nor the humble tare that the husbandman has forgotten to pluck up; and it is not at all unlikely that a fragment of the same shell that created that gap in the ranks of the "Nottingham Roughs," which Will Catteran was destined to fill up, was instrumental in plunging into mourning many of the most distinguished families, including that of Lord Viscount Baddington, in the Peerage of Ireland.

For in good sooth, his Lordship's younger and only brother, Captain the Hon. Hugh Hershaw Falcon, a most promising officer, (*vide despatches*), was in that desperate fray slain, as he was valiantly leading on his company.

He had one son, Gervase, an undergraduate at the ancient University of Oxford, who, by the lamented decease of the Captain, became (his uncle Baddington being a widower, and childless) next heir to the Baddington Peerage. As the young man happened to be of an impetuously affectionate disposition, he thought less of this exalted distinction than, perhaps, as a scion of the aristocracy, he should have done. He thought, certainly, much more of his widowed mother (a consumptive, delicate, high-born lady, who did not long survive); he thought more still of the awfully sudden death of one of the kindest and most affectionate of fathers. So violent was his grief, that change of air and scenery was imperatively recommended to him by the fashionable faculty, who suggested Weymouth, Scarborough, or Brightelmstone, (then just allowing the germ of the immortal and inimitable BRIGTON, that was to spring from its shingly bed to peep out,) as places where fashionable grief might be decorously consoled, and fashionable cheerfulness gently restored. But Gervase Falcon, telling the faculty that he would think about it, he thought him of quite another place of rural retirement, the little village of Mallows Cray, distant about eighteen miles from the great metropolis; and where he had, in some long vacation gone by, spent a very pleasant fortnight—sometimes pretending to read, and sometimes pretending to fish, but in reality engrossed in the delightful pursuit of doing nothing. So down to Mallows Cray he came in his gig—gentlemen drove gigs then—and putting up at the Angel, the sign of the sole inn at the Cray, had not been there a fortnight before he fell desperately in love with that other Angel of the Cray, Sarah Collett, the schoolmaster's daughter.

'Twas the most natural and yet the most accidental thing in the world. The girl was always meeting him accidentally—he was always meeting her, accidentally, of course. Her friend Miss Tubbs was so fond of her dear Sarah that she was always sending messages to her to come to tea: the yielding Sarah could not resist the invitations of her attached Tubbs. Then the strange gentleman—who, by the way, did not disclose his name, had no letters addressed to him, paid his bills regularly and manfully, and was known either as Number Four, the numeral of his apartment, or as Mr. G. F., from the initials on his portmanteau—the strange gentleman was at times so lonely and out of spirits, that he was glad to take a cup of tea in Miss Tubbs's private parlour, where he conversed in the most affable and condescending manner. It was on these occasions that stout Mr. Tubbs, the landlord, suddenly remembered that he had not been to see his neighbour Collett lately, and went off to spend the evening over a pipe with that instructor of youth. So Number Four and Sarah took tea in the private parlour; and then one of the most remarkable things in the world was, that Miss Tubbs always had the most important business to attend to, and of which she had only just thought, in the bar, which would only detain her for a moment, but which detained her, somehow, a good many moments and a good many half-hours.

The son of Captain Falcon met Sarah as he went a-fishing—he met her as he returned; in his morning walk and his evening walk; when he took a drive round the country even he was always falling across the Beauty of Mallows Cray—of course by the merest accident.

He grew desperately, fiercely, blindly in love, as only a very young and inexperienced man can love. If he had been five years older, he would have turned bridle-rein, and ridden away from a woman beneath him in every degree, beautiful as she was, for ever; or it he had been five years older, and a villain—he was not that in his sunny twenty years prime—he would have deceived the girl, thrown away the plaything when he had toyed with it long enough, and there an end. As it was, he had for her that love, stone-blind, stone-deaf, but not dumb—no! burningly eloquent in its fanaticism—which we all, the coldest of us even, have had, or must have, for a fair woman, once at least in our lives. You have so loved, or will so love, my stoical friend, one day. That you listen for the voice and wait for the shadow, to kiss it, of her you love; that you are enraged with the garden gravel her foot presses upon; that you have a mad hatred for dogs, and birds, and horses, and children, which she will pet and fondle with a familiarity she will not admit you to yet; that if she were to say to you, "Go steal," you would rob a church, your father, a blind man's tray; that if she were to say to you, "Go kill," you would, knife in hand, run-a-muck, like a mad Malay, among your dearest friends; that you would dress up in the absurdest mountebank costume, perform as many preposterous tricks as a poodle—beg, fetch, carry, dance, stand on your head, crawl on all fours, shave off your eyebrows, paint your face—anything, if she so commanded it. He who has not loved in this wise, has not yet loved at all.

The love of a very young man is sometimes, and not inappropriately, called "calf love;" but the next love of adolescence might not inaptly be called "roaring-bull love." For as the bull, blind and unreasoning, dashes at a gate, smashing his knees and horns also as he does so, so does the bovine lover rush as blindly and madly at certain rails that fence the church communion-table. He cannot help it; the woman he adores is as inaccessible to him as a castle of steel and adamant; yet one little word will make the whole of that fair citadel yield—outward and keep, curtain and bastion—one little word will make her all his own, his to have and to hold in fee-simple for ever; so he rushes at the rails like the bull at the gate, and like a fool according to his folly.

She had him so well in the toils, that when he left Mallows Cray in the ensuing November, it was under the solemn promise, sworn to with passionate protestations, Heaven knows how often, to return and marry her in the second month of the next year. He, the aristocrat, and nephew to a Lord, had pledged his troth to a village schoolmaster's daughter without a farthing to bless herself with! He was to leave Mallows for a time, and then return. She had him so well in the toils, that he grew more desperately in love with her during the eight weeks he was absent; that he came back, furious to see her; that in February, 1810, he was married to Sarah Collett, before high heaven, and in the parish church of Mallows Cray. The wedding took place early in the morning, by special license, and in the presence, besides the clergyman and his clerk, of but two witnesses—Tubbs the landlord, and his daughter.

He had wished to be married at some other church, but his Sarah, with a strange wilfulness of caprice, had insisted that there or not at all the ceremony should take place. As it was, the wedding was almost a secret. A few of the village gossips had heard from the parish clerk, and gossiped over the matter at Mrs. Plinstermidge's Everything Shop, that Sarah, the Beauty (as she thought herself, they added ironically), had been married on the sly to that odd-looking young squire in black, who stopped at the Angel last autumn; that they were off to turrin' parts somewhere, and that old Daddy Collett—"and a heartless puss she must have been to leave the poor old man," they said, with virtuous ire—"was to have fifty pounds a year pension." Some of the young lady gossips went so far as to disbelieve the marriage story altogether. They hoped it was all "direct" they hinted, but they doubted it. She had always been a "bold thing." Well, well! it was no business of theirs; but it must be a dreadful thought to that poor, dear old man at the school yonder. By degrees the interest died away. The wedding couple were gone. Daddy Collett lingered for a few months till he had a more serious call than even the Reverend Mr. Law's, and obeying it, died. The Mallows Crayfish had always been remarkable for not minding the world; and as Sarah Collett, now Falcon, was no longer the Beauty of Mallows Cray, but the Beauty of somewhere else, the Crayfish had no longer anything to do with her; so they abandoned her to her own devices, and betook themselves with renewed ardour to butcher's meat and cock-fighting; and the pretty gossips at the everything shop found out another Beauty to talk about and be jealous of.

Only the old landlord of the Angel and his daughter, an old clergyman and his older clerk, were there to witness it—only the feebly-sprawled entry in the dusty register was there to prove it; but then marriages are registered in heaven besides. That we know.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

IN WHICH THE HISTORY, AS FAR AS ONE OF ITS PERSONAGES IS CONCERNED, STOPS ALTOGETHER.

CAPTAIN the Honourable Hugh Hershaw Falcon had no money when he died. So, to his son Gervase there might have been applied the observation made by Hostess Quickly respecting Lieutenant Bardolph:—"Alas! he is poor—he hath nothing." That rubicund-proboised boon companion was, it will be remembered, advised by Falstaff to "coin his nose;" and by a parity of numismatic reasoning, Gervase Falcon lost no time in endeavouring to coin his gentility. He was more successful than Bardolph. There is a certain divinity of seed in England, that begets not only a king, but a lord, and even the remotest connection of a lord; and though a scion of the aristocracy may be worth financially, as is very often the case, much less than nothing, he is always worth something as long as he has a name known at the Herald's College, which is a tower of strength.

Gervase Falcon did not return to London from Mallows Cray as the married man he really was. He returned as a bachelor, and as gay a young bachelor as the very recent death of his father would gently allow him to be. He had, surely, no reason to be ashamed of his marriage; but it is a fact that he did not inform the polite world of the alliance he had just concluded, and that he specially kept the interesting event secret from his immediate friends and relatives. He brought the beautiful woman he had wedded to town, and took a Bower of Bliss for her in the quiet, courtly vicinage of Kensington; then he moved the Venus of the Bower to a cottage near Harrow; and then again, being unaccountably nervous, to another cottage at Richmond; then he began to study a mental map of the world in quest of some other locality, where the Bower might be with propriety established; and finally an impression began to grow on his mind that the very best place for the Bower of Bliss to be in future maintained in a state of florescence, would be the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, with the beautiful woman he had wedded sunk there unnumbered fathoms.

For in about two months from the date of his miserable wedding-day, he had begun to discover that he might just as well have been married to a beautiful fiend, as to the beautiful woman he was bound to by indissoluble ties. He was fettered to a being hopelessly and impractically perverse and evil-minded; to a woman who was incapable of loving, and consequently, through sheer energy of misdirected feeling, began to hate him; to a woman whose tastes were foreign to his; whose thoughts, whose wishes, whose aspirations were all diametrically opposed to those which he himself possessed.

So to the honeymoon succeeded a bee's-wax moon, and then a moon of gall and bitterness, and despair. "Better to sit up all night," says the good old Bishop of Charles the Second's time, "than to go to bed with a dragon." Gervase Falcon grew of this opinion, though he had never troubled himself much about Bishop Taylor, or any other Father of the Church, to tell the truth. He evaded the dragon as often and as much as he conveniently could. He took, if not to sitting up, at least to staying away all night—sometimes for weeks together. When he and the dragon were together, they quarrelled, reviled, sneered at, insulted one another. They were in a fair way to fight one another. Genteel couples have fought ere now, believe me.

His love for her was quite gone. His dream was over, and with waking came a cold horror and loathing. Such things happen over and over again; they will happen as long as love is blind and deaf and mad.

All this time he had been coining his gentility—that is, borrowing money from usurers; for he was a lord's nephew, and his Lordship (not a very rich lordship, but still a lord,) had promised to do something for him. He would have given the beautiful dragon at home any quantity of rich clothes, jewels, money, she chose to ask for; but the dragon wanted more than these; she wanted to be the recognised wife of Gervase Falcon, a "born gentleman"—to parade her gentility before the great world. It was but her due, to be sure; but she insisted upon it with perhaps needless acrimony.

Time after time she harried the man who had been idiot enough to marry her to make their union public; else, she threatened, she would herself publish it. She would write to Lord Baddington—she would put it in the newspapers. By what right was she cooped up at home? was she compelled to go to theatres and gardens surreptitiously, muffled up—all but disguised? By what right was her fair fame to be compromised? By what right was an opportunity afforded to scandalous tongues to whisper that she was Gervase Falcon's mistress, and not Gervase Falcon's wife? She would not bear it; why should she? She was not ashamed of her marriage; why should he be?

To quiet her, he took her into Scotland, and tried everything in his power to flatter and cajole her into silence—even as she had coaxed him into marrying her. They would not have long to wait, he said; but his family was so proud, so vindictive, so prejudiced. If his uncle Baddington knew that he had married without his consent, he would inevitably discard

him. He had nothing to depend upon but his expectation from man. Surely his dear Sarah did not wish to ruin him, (certainly not).

They led this miserable life for four months. I pray the reader, that you may never live such a life as this—to find out a new fault every day; to be angry with the woman's dress, even; to be possessed with a feverish, fretful, desire—not that she would die, not that she would fall sick, for her no harm, but that she would put the breadth of fifty oceans you and herself; and the more so because you have loved her so clasped her so fondly. There are two dreadful things in the world that are utterly appalling—a half-emptied champagne a morning after, and a woman you have loved, but love no more.

Without any open compact there was a tacit understanding between them, that it was impossible for them to live together any longer; they must soon separate for ever. Just at this time the "S" Viscount Baddington was to do for his nephew what was done; and he, upon those responsible duties in his Majesty's Carpet-bag and office, which necessitated his attendance at the Treasury no less than times per annum, in order to draw his handsome quarter's salary, punctuality in the performance of these duties was admirably served.

She went to live at Cheltenham, upon a liberal allowance too glad to give her. She knew as well as he knew that she was about to break his marriage vow; that he was committing a great social crime; that his aristocratic friends had found out of his own condition; that he was about to lead a wealthy heiress to altar he had once before profaned. Either she was indifferent, or calculating in her malignity, and close to wait patiently for vengeance certain that she gainsaid him not in his wicked purpose, an calmness in the newspaper that he had accomplished it at the greatest in London, where twenty years afterwards his daughter was to be married. But he had not deceived the poor girl who believed herself to be Mr. Gervase Falcon's wife many months, before the Mrs. Gervase Falcon was at Cheltenham, bore the husband she was to see no more a Son. He was born in the winter of eighteen hundred and ten.

Meanwhile, he lived a grand life in Grosvenor Square, and the Child who believed herself to be his wife bore him children too. First then a boy, who was christened Charles, after his uncle Baddington, has not yet been mentioned in this history, for the reason that he was his regiment at Canterbury, where he was in garrison, a smart young net of hussars.

He made the woman at Cheltenham a gift of a thousand pounds in addition to her allowance when her son was born. He would have taken child from her, and have reared it up himself secretly; but she refused even to let him see it. She lived under an assumed name, a Countess, as the widow of an East Indian colonel; lived there a enough till the great peace of 1815, when she went abroad. Gervase heard from the bankers through whose hands the money was remitted her, that she was wandering over the Continent, being now in Italy, France, now in Germany. Then from an aristocratic acquaintance returned from Florence, he heard that the handsome widow, Mrs. Chutnee, was about to be married to an Italian Marquis, dispossessed Hercules, son of Jupiter, possessor of a magnificent palace, with furniture, and with an income of about three hundred and twenty per annum. Then again he heard that her reputation was not a very good one; that it was gone altogether, and that she was living with a travelling blackleg, who had been a captain of dragoons. This threw him into agony of terror, till she suddenly disappeared altogether, made to sign, drew no more money, and he began to hope that she was dead.

What she did with herself or where she went, during ten long years, no one ever knew; but one summer's night, in eighteen hundred and twenty-six, Gervase Falcon, coming out of the crush-room of the King's Theatre, alone, and waiting under the colonnade for his carriage, found crowned one of the columns a habbling, drunken, ragged, miserable object—her. All her beauty was gone; there was nothing left now but the dragon—surly, without burnished scales, or green and golden wings and brilliant eyes, but as virulent and rapacious as the "blatant beast" that Spencer drew. Where her son was she refused to tell. That he was alive, was all she would confess; and Gervase Falcon was never able to gain the slightest information relative to the child, who, son of that debased creature, and perhaps a wandering beggar, was yet his lawful son, and the next heir to the Baddington peerage.

She had taken to drinking—drank almost incessantly, drank horribly; but was sensible and cunning enough in her sober moments. You may guess the rest of the tragedy's fifth act. She was *Alra cuva*, and behind Gervase Falcon's fine park-hack. She reversed Burger's awful bad lad, and made Falcon the Lenore, while she was the demon trooper swiftly riding with him towards Death. To give her money was as throwing a handful of gold-dust into a quicksand. She spent and drank, and went from one degree of vice to the other, always holding her Damocles' sword of a secret over her husband's head.

Her father, the clergyman and clerk of Mallows Cray, and Tubbs the landlord of the Angel, were all dead. Miss Tubb had been married, and had gone to Canada with her husband years since. Her very name was heard no more in her native village; but she lived and lived, till in the brain of her husband a dreadful Phantom of a resolve grew up that either he or she must live no longer. The Phantom grew every day stronger and stronger, into a more palpable terror of reality.

The Phantom sprang into life, fully armed, on the day of his daughter's wedding.

The Phantom-Reality said plainly that she—the woman, Sarah—must die, as he stood by the sleeping nurse, and with his hand on the curtain of the bed.

But it was a Phantom again, and lied; for his murderous scheme was frustrated, and his end you know.

It will be remembered that Lord Baddington's carriage drew up at the west side of Temple Bar. Descending from it, his Lordship and Mr. Fleem found Mr. Tinctop, who did not look either quite so confident or quite so defiant as he had done an hour previously.

"Pray make haste, my lord, pray make haste, Mr. Fleem," he said, nervously. "She is much worse; she is very bad indeed."

He hurried them up a narrow court, whose mean houses, crazy and rotten and dingy, were shored up by timbers that looked as crazy and rotten. Then to a door, on whose steps a brood of ragged children and ragged dogs swarmed and cried, and fought and played with mud and bricks. Then up a narrow staircase into a darkened room, where there was a bed, a chair, and an old trunk, and nothing else; nor fender, nor table, nor window curtain.

"She's been at it again while I was away," he whispered, as they entered. "Persuaded the people of the house to get her some rum; drunk as a lord—I beg pardon, as a fish—when I returned. She's only just coming round."

She lay all her length on the bed, silent, save from time to time a low gasp. Mr. Fleem went up to her, felt her pulse, felt it again, and shook his sapient head.

She did not gasp any more, nor move, nor open her eyes.

"She will be better presently," Mr. Fleem said in a low voice.

She was much better already. She was dead.

So Heaven be merciful to us all, sinners as we be.

"He must pay the promissory note," mused Mr. Tinctop to himself as he covered the wasted face of her who had once been as beautiful as an angel.

"He must pay; for a register's as good as a marriage certificate any day, and she told me where to find the boy—a fine fellow by this time. Ho! ho! I'll go abroad and lead a jolly life till Jack Pollyblank's hanged."

(To be continued.)

A COMMISSION OF INQUIRY is, it is said, about to be issued to consider the cause of the decline of Durham University. It appears from the calendar that in 1851 the students in art, theology, medicine, and engineering, at University College, were 78, and at Bishop Hatfield's Hall, 46. This year the numbers are respectively 50 and 30.

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